

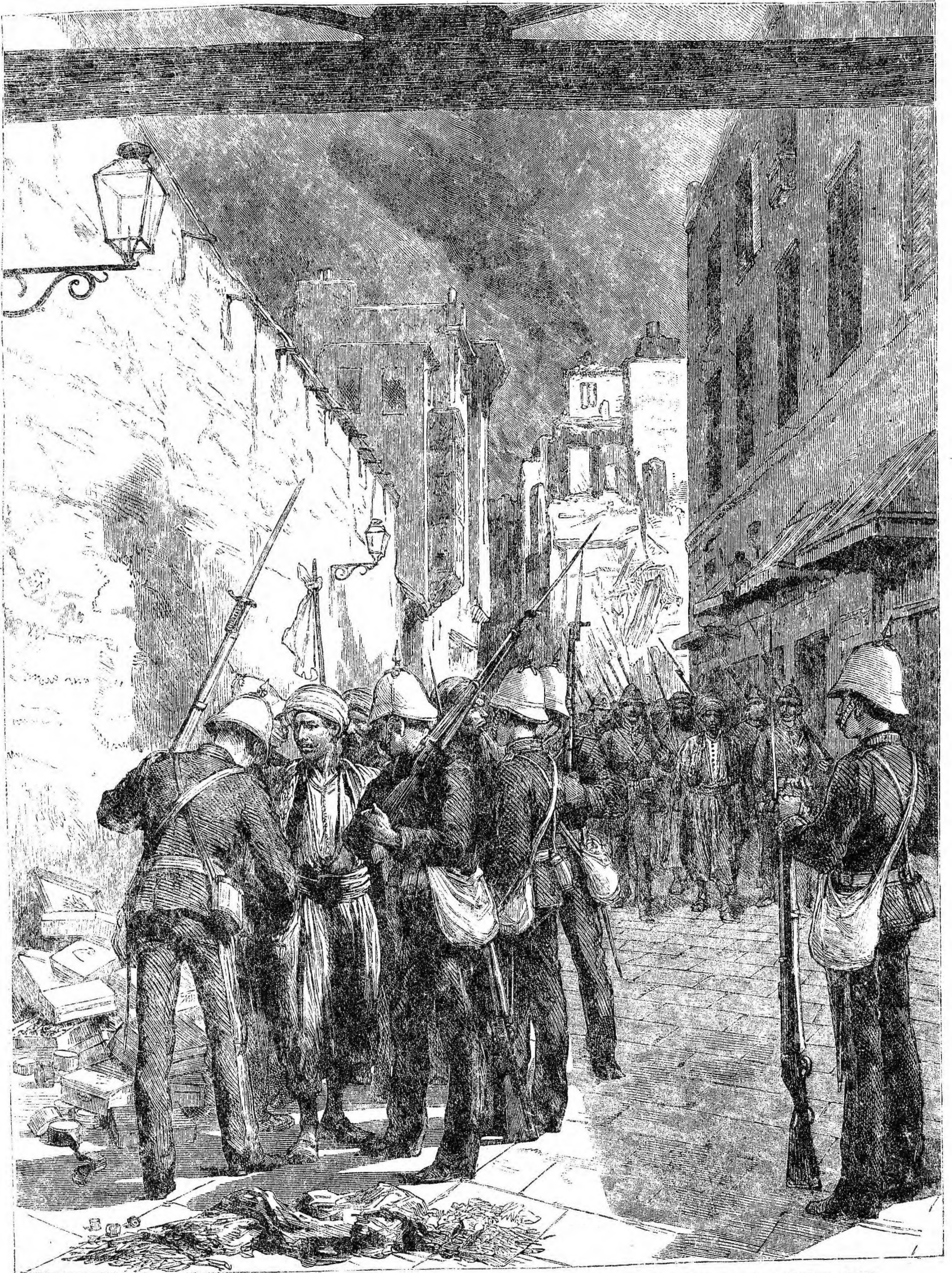
THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 661.—VOL. XXVI.
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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA — BRITISH MARINES ARRESTING ARAB LOOTERS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE GATE
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



OUR MILITARY PROSPECTS.—What with the demands of India and Ireland, the number of our soldiers available for other duty is but scanty, and even the sending of this small expeditionary force to Egypt compels us to call out a portion of the Reserves, a proceeding which not only causes much individual inconvenience and suffering, but which also indicates the poverty of our resources as regards men. At the very outset we have reached the point of exhaustion at which such countries as France and Germany only arrive after a gigantic struggle. Supposing, while our troops are engaged in Egypt, that some big Power should pick a quarrel with us, complicated with a revolt in Ireland. Who will venture to say that such an occurrence is impossible? If not impossible, our countrymen, who are too apt to be absorbed in money-making, will do well to ponder over the contingency. And now for a few words concerning the Egyptian enterprise. We may confidently hope that there will be no break-down owing to the neglect or mismanagement of the authorities at home. The disasters of the Crimean War taught us a severe lesson in that respect, and, in all the little wars which have occurred since, the preparations have been creditable to the successive Governments which provided them. It is to be hoped that the days of barefaced jobbery and neglect are gone for ever. The great Iron Duke, smarting under his early Peninsular disappointments, would cheerfully have sacrificed an arm or a leg to have had a Government which catered for his wants as earnestly and as faithfully as the War Office is now catering for Sir Garnet Wolseley. The season of the year is against us. Men fresh from the chilly summers of England are ill adapted for the blazing heat of an Egyptian August. Then there is the water question. Our troops may find both too much and too little of this commodity. If Arabi chooses to cut the canals in the Delta when the Nile has fully risen, that level low-lying region may be converted into a marsh. On the other hand, in Upper Egypt, away from the Nile and the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, the country is almost entirely a waterless desert. Next, as to Arabi's strength. In their hearts, probably, all the respectable Egyptians prefer Tewfik, and the Anglo-French control. But respectable people, in revolutionary times, are apt to be pusillanimous. In the East, especially, success breeds success, and just now Arabi is practically master of the country. Unless he is so foolish as to stand still, and let us choose our time and place for attacking him, our troops may have a long and arduous enterprise before them. The conduct of the Egyptian soldiers in the Alexandrian forts shows that they are by no means such poltroons as they have been depicted, and, if there is a fair chance of booty, they are likely to be reinforced by the warlike tribes of the surrounding deserts. Altogether, this is the most serious struggle in which England has been engaged since the Crimean War. Indeed, in some respects, it is even more serious than that conflict, for then we had allies, and Russia stood alone, whereas now a false step or two may bring upon us enemies far more formidable than Arabi Pasha.

"NECESSITY, RIGHT, AND DUTY."—In these three words Sir Charles Dilke summed up the reasons which are held to justify the Government in its present action in Egypt. Sir Wilfrid Lawson and the Positivists do not admit the plea of necessity, even from the point of view of our own interests; but their view is certainly not shared by the majority of the nation. If, indeed, it were true, as they assert, that the intention of the Government is merely to act for the bondholders, there are few Englishmen who would not agree with them. Bondholders, in Egypt and elsewhere, invest their capital at their own risk, and it would be both criminal and foolish to declare war for their benefit. What England is really about to fight for, so far as her own interests are concerned, is the security of her principal route to India and the Far East; and the Government justly contend that, in existing circumstances, that security cannot be maintained except by rigorous armed intervention. We might, no doubt, protect the Suez Canal for a time without dealing with the general condition of Egypt; but, if the country were allowed to pass under the rule of a military dictator, the Canal would never be perfectly safe. This is a plain fact, and those who acknowledge it must grant that warlike measures are absolutely unavoidable, unless they are prepared to say that England can, in the last resort, afford to limit herself to the route by the Cape. As regards our technical right to do what is now being done, that, as Sir Charles Dilke showed, is established by the Treaty of 1840 for the pacification of the Levant, and the subsequent firmans and treaties, conferring on England special powers in regard to Egypt. The plea of duty would be made good even if we could do no more than point to the necessity of defending the Canal; but it is further supported by the fact that we have virtually come under an obligation to secure to the Egyptian people the advantages of civilised methods of government. That these advantages could be secured to them by the rule of Arabi can hardly be pretended by serious politicians. He has given abundant proof of arrogance, selfishness, and ignorance; and the first condition of true progress among his countrymen is that the preponderance of men of his stamp shall be made for ever

impossible. Such are the grounds for the decision at which England, after long hesitation, has at last arrived; and a better case, we venture to say, was never made out for a formidable military expedition.

CRICKET.—When Rugby meets Marlborough at Lord's it needs no prophet to discern that the cricket season at head-quarters is over. There are still to be some good matches at the Oval, especially Australians *v.* Players, but "we'll go no more a roving" to the pleasanter ground at St. John's Wood. The real interest of this year's cricket lies in the apparent impossibility of getting a team to beat the Australians. M.C.C. would certainly have done so, as far as there are certainties in cricket, but the weather interfered. Yorkshire has tried about five times, and, though one match was drawn rather in her favour, it is plain that the Colonists could give the "Tykes" about five wickets on most occasions, if that form of handicapping prevailed. Except for Ulyett and Lockwood, neither of whom is very certain at present, Yorkshire is rather weak in batting. The Australians seem, by long practice, to have mastered Peate's riddle. Notts, on the other hand, appears to possess Shaw and Morley in full perfection. At present, if we may judge by the severe beating which the Northern County has just given to the county of the Graces, if any county can retrieve British honours, it should be Nottingham. The effort of Northumberland was foolhardy rather than plucky. The Northern people seem to have a fair bowler, and a successful trundler of left-handed "grubs." Beyond that their strength is weakness, and we can scarcely expect more, if as much, from Scotland. Where the "fit nurse of a poetic child" is to get bowlers from it is hard to guess, as the "Land of the mountain and the flood" is not prolific in that kind of man of genius. So far, then, Cambridge alone has said "nay" to the motto, "Advance, Australia," and Cambridge may say as much again in the match to be played at Portsmouth.

THE WAR TAX.—The beginning of strife is as the letting out of waters. That which was at first but a trickling rill may become ere long a raging torrent. Few persons probably are so sanguine as to suppose that the entire cost of the enterprise to which we are now committed (even if we do not reckon the expense of the Indian contingent) will be covered by the 2,300,000*l.* named in the Vote of Credit. Besides, this sum will barely suffice to land the expeditionary force in Egypt; it will not keep them while there. As to the manner in which the necessary funds are to be raised, opinions may differ. In such cases it is well known that Mr. Gladstone is a severely virtuous Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has a holy horror of war (though falling far short in that respect of the Lawson, or even of the Bright standard), and if the nation will indulge in such luxuries he tries to make them pay in ready money for their indulgence. But, be it observed, in his view the nation means the patient, long-suffering middle class. It is they who bear the brunt of the Income Tax, and it is from their pockets that the extra three halfpence in the pound is to be extracted. The working man is at present not touched. If we could be sure that the war would not cost more than, say, three millions, this would be a petty matter, not worth disputing about. But supposing the war should spread over a larger area, and a wider space of time? Even the Abyssinian War cost ten millions, and that struggle was quite free from the international jealousies and complications by which our interference in Egypt is beset. Would Mr. Gladstone, then, trust to the Income Tax as his sole financial weapon, until the unlucky middle class were made to stagger under a burden of, say, half-a-crown in the pound—that is, one-eighth of their total income? To our thinking, it would seem to be a fairer plan if at the outset the Government had opened a credit, and thereby made the whole community, and not merely the Income Tax payers, responsible for the expenses incurred.

FRENCH VACILLATION.—The variations of French policy in the East are so frequent that it is by no means easy to keep pace with them. At one time we have heard that France would observe a strict neutrality, at another that she would share the labours of England in restoring order in Egypt, at another that she would associate herself with us only in guarding the Suez Canal. These hesitations are in some respects provoking, but they are not unnatural, for it must be remembered that France is in a very different position from England in her relations to the rest of Europe. We run no risk of being attacked; at least, we run no such risk at the present stage of our proceedings. But France has continually to bear in mind that a mistake committed by her in Egypt or elsewhere might involve her in unforeseen and most serious European complications. She is, in short, compelled to regulate her policy to a large extent in accordance with the wish of Prince Bismarck; and she has lately advanced or drawn back in proportion as he has seemed willing or unwilling to sanction the granting of a European mandate to the Western Powers. When he decided that a European mandate would be impolitic, France had practically no alternative but to limit her action to a demonstration of goodwill towards England. On the whole, we have reason to be satisfied with this result; for acting alone we shall be able to act promptly, and at the close of the enterprise we shall be much less hampered than we should be if half the work were done by France. For the same reasons it must be hoped that we are not at the last moment to be embarrassed by the aid either of Italy or of the Porte.

THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—Though we are not a military people, and though it takes us some two months to send a few thousand men (even without their ammunition, tooth-brushes, mule train, and evening dress) to a given point, yet we are zealous warriors against sin. And, though we have previously been an undecorated people, we now wear ribbon as profusely as the French. These boons we owe to the Blue Ribbon Army. Everywhere you see small boys and old men with a scrap of dark blue ribbon on their coats and jackets. A large percentage of the population is decorated. It looks as though, thus prematurely, our people were exhibiting their interest in the next University Boat Race. But the blue decoration is really a sign of membership of the Azure Army. As we understand the thing, the Salvation Army fights against the Arabi of Evil and all his works. The Blue Ribbon Army is only an expeditionary force to guard the Canal, so to speak, and prevent it from being flooded with the strong waters of alcoholic beverages. "Let me die with the Blue Ribbon on," cried a married lady who lately tried to drown herself in a pond on Barnes Common. A police officer, in the painful but necessary discharge of his duty, prevented her from dying with the Blue Ribbon on. But how genuine must be that zeal which so utterly refrains from alcoholic drink as to prefer death from an overplus of the clear non-intoxicating beverage supplied by a pond on Barnes Common! Let us hope that few of the Blue Ribbon Army will carry zeal to this extent. Or are we to suppose that the unexplained corpses in the Thames are those of the fanatics of Blue Ribbonism?

THE RAMSGATE MYSTERY.—The result of the trial in this remarkable case will tend to strengthen the hands of those who maintain that the ends of justice are more fully attained under the French system of examining accused persons. There can be little doubt that if Walter had been subjected to such a searching examination as would have met him in a French Court, his guilt or innocence would have been more distinctly established than they were at the recent trial. The jury found him "Not guilty," the foreman adding "We give him the benefit of the doubt," a remark indicating a state of feeling on the part of the jury which would in Scotland have produced a verdict of "Not Proven." Public sympathy was withheld from Walter, because, though he might be innocent of intentionally causing the death of poor young Wagner, there was strong reason to suspect that he was privy to the robbery of Wagner's father. This is a question, however, which will be settled by another trial. It is quite possible that the manner of young Wagner's death may remain a mystery to the end of time. In a case where life was at stake, the jury cannot be blamed for refusing to find the prisoner guilty of murder. The "reasonable certainty" which judges tell us ought to accompany such a verdict was in this instance lacking. It is true that much of the evidence pointed to murder, still there was the possibility that the death was the result of accident or of suicide. Considering that English jurisprudence tries its own hands voluntarily (apparently on the sporting principle of giving the accused personage "law") when dealing with a suspected murderer, and considering also that deliberate murderers rarely, if they can help it, let any witnesses see the act of killing, the wonder is that convictions for the capital offence are as frequent as they are.

AFTERWARDS?—In a somewhat boisterous "leader," which has naturally attracted a good deal of attention, *The Times* contended the other day that the tendency of events is towards the annexation of Egypt by England. If it had merely argued that our influence over the Egyptian Government and people must be largely increased by our intervention, nobody would have been disposed to dispute its conclusions. By putting down the rebellion of Arabi we shall undoubtedly acquire the right to a more potent voice in the regulation of the affairs of Egypt than any other Power, or, perhaps, than all other Powers together. But to say that Egypt will become a British possession is to advance "by leaps and bounds." In the first place, it is very far from clear that such an arrangement would receive the assent of Europe; and even *The Times* must admit that England could scarcely venture to aggrandise herself in opposition to the civilised world. Besides, it may be doubted whether any considerable party in this country would wish to see Egypt transformed into a British dependency. We have already at least as many dependencies as we can manage efficiently, and Egypt would not be a particularly tractable one. A far truer policy than that indicated by "the leading journal" would be to make Egypt as nearly as possible independent, and to foster the growth of free institutions. It may be objected that the Egyptians are not sufficiently advanced for self-government, but that cannot be proved until the experiment has been tried. In the recent troubles the Notables have repeatedly acted with firmness and dignity, and they may, perhaps, represent a sentiment which needs only to be encouraged to develop into a general enthusiasm for ordered liberty. By a policy of this kind we should guard our own interests and benefit the Egyptian people without exciting the hostility, or even the jealousy, of any of our European rivals.

DISCONTENTED LIBERALS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—It would be premature to inquire what is likely to be the full effect of the foreign policy of the Government on the position of parties at home. One result of some importance,

however, may be foretold with tolerable confidence. If no great mistake be committed, we may expect that a good many Liberals who were alienated from Mr. Gladstone by his violence during the Midlothian campaign will once more definitely associate themselves with Liberalism. For a time it almost seemed as if the Liberals had altogether abandoned their traditional policy; and it appeared doubtful whether they would assent to war even in defence of India. It was inevitable that moderate politicians should be alarmed by this state of things; and, no doubt, considerable anxiety was felt by them even at the last general election, although they were in some measure reassured by their confidence in the supposed vigour and caution of Lord Hartington. The Government are now proving that, after all, they are as capable as their predecessors of resolute action, and it may be fairly supposed that some who have hitherto given them but a lukewarm support will henceforth be inclined to judge their policy without a hostile bias. It is true that politicians who approved of the general aims of Lord Beaconsfield in his treatment of the Eastern Question must be of opinion that the Liberals have to a large extent brought their present troubles on themselves. In politics, however, it is necessary to start from accomplished facts; and it cannot be denied that, on the whole, taking facts as they are, the Government have lately manifested both tact and energy. Practically they have unsaid almost everything in their utterances that gave offence two or three years ago; and there is not much chance that (at least as long as they are in power) they will again indulge in the proclamation of high-sounding maxims which, if logically interpreted, would lead to the disruption of the British Empire. Probably the support which the Ministry will obtain in consequence of their new departure will more than compensate them for their losses among the extreme Radicals.

THEN AND NOW IN EGYPT.—Of all the semi-civilised countries in the world, Egypt was, until the other day, the safest. Thousands of Europeans fixed their permanent abode there, thousands of Anglo-Indians and Australians traversed its northern border, and, during the delicious season of nominal winter, numbers of invalids sought refuge there from the piercing blasts and chilling fogs of the North, while the Nile from Cairo to Khartoum was dotted over with *dahabeyahs* laden with pleasure-seekers, bent on exploring the antiquities and breathing the balmy air of that ancient and famous land. As for the natives, a more hard-working, patient, good-humoured set of people the traveller never encountered, and a solitary lady tourist would probably have run less risk of molestation between Cairo and the Sixth Cataract than she would after dark in some parts of London. How terrible the change now! It seems as unnatural as if the serene winter air of Upper Egypt had suddenly been darkened by fogs and snowstorms. These good-natured *fellahs*, men, women, and even children, have been transformed into fiends. The atrocities they have committed recall the massacres of the Indian Mutiny, or still more perhaps the horrors of the First French Revolution. It would seem as if the Egypt of the last twenty or thirty years, with its Europeanised upper classes, its growing commercial enterprises, its boulevards, and its operas, was a mere varnished sham. Or it resembled a region, fair and fertile to the eye clothed with flowers and foliage, but underneath which heaved a sea of molten lava. Suddenly, the thin crust has been broken through, and desolating fires, as of Tophet, have spread over the surface. For the native suffers even more than the European, the market for his commodities is closed, and just while his resources are thus reduced, he is exposed to the merciless exactions of Arabi's tax-gatherers. Rarely, if ever, in modern times has a prosperous community been so suddenly brought down to misery.

A SELF-ACCUSED MURDERER.—*Qui s'accuse s'accuse*, says the French proverb, but there are cases in which we may invert the proverb, and cry *Qui s'accuse s'excuse*. People in the old times who charged themselves with the crime of witchcraft were usually guiltless of anything worse than old age and weak minds. He who brings against himself a charge of murder is commonly nothing but "a martyr to *delirium tremens*," as a habitual drunkard has been perhaps too charitably described. The last self-accused murderer is a man who gives the name of O'Brien. He has indicted himself, it is said, at Puerto Cabello in Venezuela, with the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. It is added that he furnishes the names (we do not hear of the addresses) of three accomplices, all, like himself, hired assassins. Much as we may wish the story true, every circumstance excites suspicion. The real murderers were probably desperadoes who gloried in their crime, and regarded themselves as no less the modern Harmodius and Aristogiton than Mrs. Parnell is the "mother of the modern Gracchi," according to an Irish scholar. These are not the kind of fellows to repent and blab. Of course, if the murderers were really hired, at something above the common Irish tariff (one pound), it is not impossible that one of them may have drunk himself into maudlin penitence on the proceeds of his crime. But it is infinitely more likely that O'Brien was tipsy and maudlin without being a murderer.

EPHING FOREST.—In this country the interest of individuals, as against that of the public, is very tenderly, in some cases too tenderly, regarded. The struggle for the possession of Epping Forest, the last formal act of which,

namely, the final award of the Arbitrator, took place last Monday, affords a striking instance of this. The Forest was public property; but it was only as London grew in size, and waste land became scarce, that its importance as a recreation ground began to be perceived. Meanwhile, encroachers had managed to appropriate a large part of the Forest, and they threatened before long to swallow the whole. Then began a struggle, originally undertaken by some of the commoners, who resented the curtailment of their ancient local privileges of pasturage, lopping, &c., but ultimately conducted by persons of higher position and more philanthropic aims, who perceived the importance of this East London "lung." The conflict between the encroachers and the public lasted forty years, and cost the enormous sum of 256,275*l.* It is very doubtful whether, after all, the public would have secured their rights had not the Corporation of London, with their long purse and their powerful influence, stepped into the arena as the champions of fresh air. Thanks to the exertions of the Corporation, Londoners have now the perpetual enjoyment of this great playground of 5,500 acres.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing SCENES illustrative of the WAR IN EGYPT, from Sketches by our Special Artist, MR. F. VILLIERS.—The Half Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 108 and 117.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER NOW READY. ONE SHILLING. By Post, 2½*d.* Extra.

CONTAINS the following Illustrations, which are fac-simile reproductions of the original Water-Colour Drawings:—

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THE SIREN.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.
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&c. &c.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.
THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, BENEFIT OF MR. HENRY IRVING. At 8. ROMEO AND JULIET. 130th Performance. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terriss, Howe, Glenney, Andrews, Mead, Tyars, Fernandez, Misses H. Mathews, Payne, &c.—LYCEUM. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open from 10 to 5.

ARTEMUS WARD RESUSCITATED.—In the Afternoon the Second Hour of Maskelyne and Cooke's Entertainment at the Egyptian Hall will be occupied by Mr. WALTER PELHAM, who will deliver the late Mr. Artemus Ward's Lecture on the Mormons, illustrated by that Prince of American Humourist's bona-fide Diorama and Effects. In the evening Maskelyne and Cooke's full programme will be given.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Wainey. "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS will CLOSE on Saturday, the 5th August, their FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION. Open from 9 till 7. Admission 1*s.*, Catalogue 6*d.* Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. J. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

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THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

BRIGHTON RACES, AUGUST 1ST, 2ND AND 3RD. SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at Ordinary Fares, 1*st*, 2*nd*, and Parly, from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA 8.20 a.m., calling at New Cross, Clapham Junction, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; also from Liverpool Street 8.10 a.m., calling at the East London Line Stations.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at 1*st* and 2*nd* Class Express Fares, will leave LONDON BRIDGE 10.0 a.m., calling at Croydon.

SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS, returning from Brighton (1*st* and 2*nd* Class), at 5.0 and 5.50 p.m. to Croydon, London Bridge, and Victoria (1*st*, 2*nd*, and 3*rd* class), at 6.0 and 7.10 p.m., to Croydon, London Bridge, Victoria, New Cross, and the East London Line. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations.

LEWES RACES, AUGUST 4TH AND 5TH.—A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1*st*, 2*nd*, and Parly, from LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA 8.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, New Cross, and Croydon (East), also from Liverpool Street 8.10 a.m.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1*st* and 2*nd* Class, will leave VICTORIA and LONDON BRIDGE 10.0 a.m., Croydon (East) 10.20 a.m.

SPECIAL TRAINS AT ORDINARY FARES, return from Lewes, 1*st*, 2*nd*, and Parly, from 5.15 p.m. to 7.10 p.m.

FREQUENT EXTRA TRAINS, 1*st*, 2*nd*, and Parly, between Brighton and Lewes. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals. Steamer *Columbia* or *Iona* from Glasgow, daily, 7 a.m., Greenock, 9 a.m., conveying Passengers Oban and West Highlands. Bill, Map, and Tourist Fares, free by post from Owner, DAVID MACBRYNE, 119, Hope St., Glasgow.

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THE WAR IN EGYPT

ALEXANDRIA: BRITISH MARINES ARRESTING LOOTERS

WE described last week the energy and cleverness of the Blue-jackets in detecting and arresting looters, and here our artist has sketched a detachment of Marines engaged in the same pursuit. Behind the unlucky looter who is being seized by the soldiers is an Arab bearing a white flag, a token that he is an honest man, and anxious to be friendly (for such time at least as he may find it expedient) with the invading infidels.

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

THESE sketches, kindly forwarded by a naval officer, show some of the results of the bombardment. One of the chief features of the defence was the admirable manner in which the rifled guns on the Moncrieff gun-carriages were worked. The ships found considerable difficulty in dismounting them, and had these guns been served by more practised artillerymen considerable damage would have been inflicted on our ships. As it was, however, the injuries sustained by the fleet were comparatively slight, and our sketch shows one of the most serious—a hole made in the side of H.M.S. *Superb* by a shell. The ironclad, however, bore other traces of the fight—her funnel was pierced, and a plate torn away below her foremast glacis. "The Arabs," writes the officer, "fought exceedingly well, and had they known how to handle their guns properly we should have had a very different list of killed and wounded." Another sketch represents a ship's "top" in action, with a canvas screen around it as a sheltering-place for the men. All the "tops" had these screens save those of H.M.S. *Téméraire*. The light-house appears to have been struck at least twice, and probably more often, by fragments of shells exploding over and in the Light-house Battery. The Tower, Fort Pharos, also shows the effect of the fire of the Bombarding Fleet.

BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT: SEARCHING THE FORTS WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

"THIS sketch," writes the naval officer to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "was taken on the night of July 9th from the poop of H.M.S. *Téméraire*, and shows the after barrette 25-ton gun, ready for action, with the *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Inflexible*. The latter directed her powerful electric light on the fortifications on shore, thus making them much more distinct than in the daytime, in search of any movement amongst the troops. It is reported that the first time it was thrown on them they all broke their ranks and hid themselves when any opportunity offered. The harbour, with all the ships in far distance, is also seen."

FLEMMING AND BACOS STATIONS ON THE RAMLEH RAILWAY

THE railway running to the pretty little suburb of Ramleh has been the scene of some important military operations during the past few days. The district is also famous for two historic battles—the one which sealed the fate of Antony, the other in which the British defeated the French on March 13th, 1801—a victory, however, dearly purchased by the death of Sir Ralph Abercromby.

REAR-ADMIRAL ANTHONY HILEY HOSKINS, C.B.

THIS officer, who is second in command of the British Fleet before Alexandria, is the son of the late Rev. Henry Hoskins, of North Perrott Manor, Somersetshire. He was born in 1828, educated at Winchester, and entered the Navy in 1842. In 1858 he became Commander, and five years later a Captain, and in 1879 was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral. He served in the Caffre War of 1852-3, and in the China Expedition of 1858, being present at the forcing of the Peiho River and the capture of Canton, and being especially mentioned in the despatches. In 1876 he became senior officer of the fleet in Australian waters, and in 1877 received the Companionship of the Bath. He was an Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty for two years, and in 1880 was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty. In 1865 he married Dorothea Anna Eliza, daughter of the Rev. Sir George Stamp Robinson, Bart., of Crauford Hall, Northampton.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Freeman, 360, George Street, Sydney.

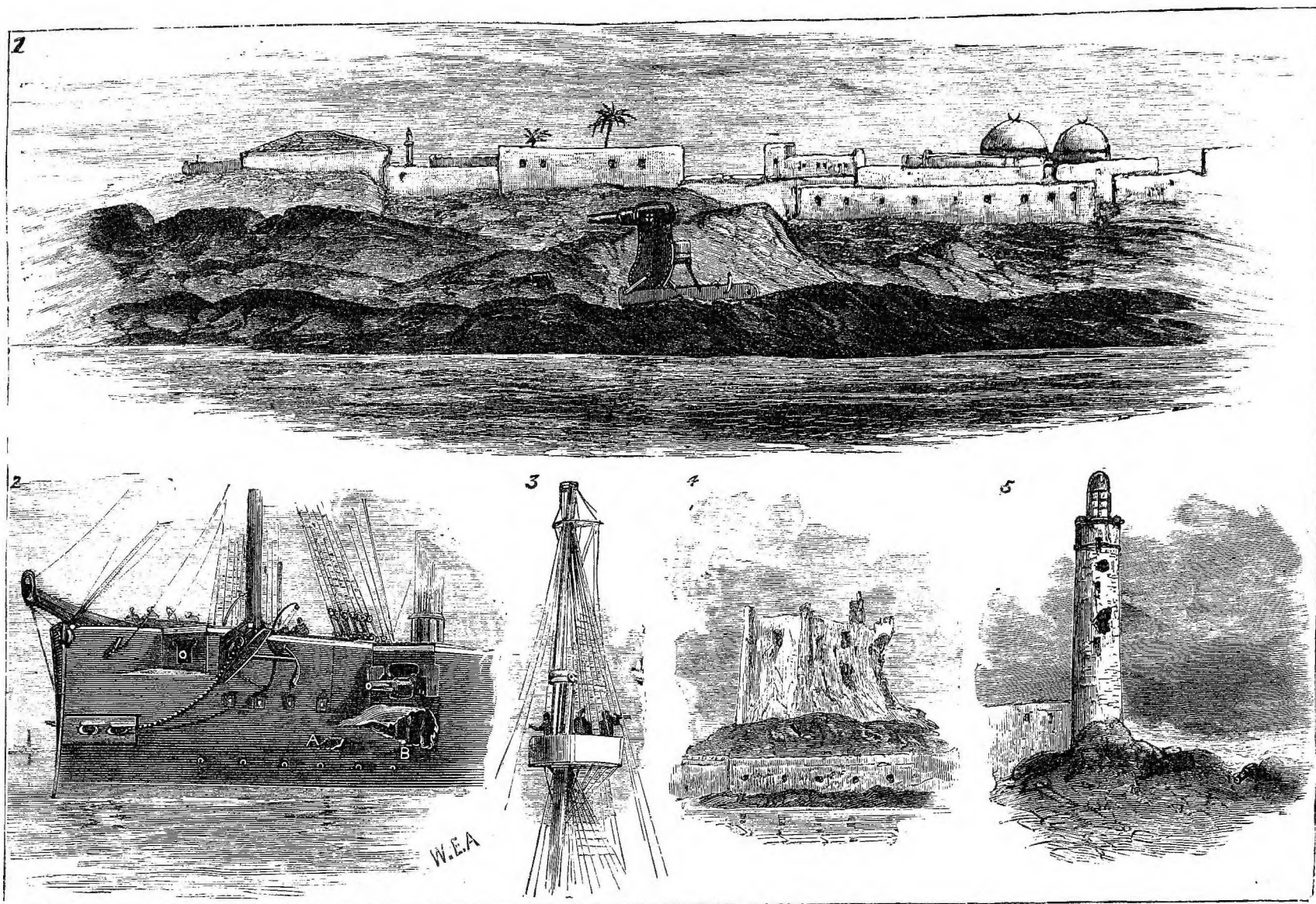
DR. H. B. RIBTON

THIS gentleman, one of the victims of the massacre of June 11th, was the only surviving son of Dr. George Ribton, of Dublin, and was the nephew to the late Sir John Ribton, and first cousin to the present baronet. A medical man by profession, he was well known in Naples for his missionary labours there, and had a little congregation of Italians, who warmly appreciated his ministrations. In January, 1879, he removed to Alexandria, at the earnest request of some Italians of that city, and continued to preach among them until his death—as well as pursuing his profession. Not, however, that he confined his labours to the Italian community, as he frequently preached on board the English and other vessels in Alexandria Harbour. On the day of the massacre he is believed to have been returning from one of these services, with his daughter and some Italian friends, and seeking to distribute a few tracts, was brutally murdered. His daughter, however, by some miracle, escaped. His wife, in a letter to her sister, writes:—"My poor child saw her darling father killed, and was only saved herself by the mighty arm of God, being carried into a harem, where they kept her till late at night, and then brought her home to me in disguise. May God remember them in the last day. Oh! what my poor child has gone through, and the blows the brutes gave her. I do not know how she is alive. I only learned yesterday that my darling was dead. I hoped against hope that he might have been taken to some hospital, and so he was; but he was thrown naked on the ground, and so mutilated that no one could know him."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Nelson and Marshall, 11, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin.

THE P. AND O. STEAMER "ANCONA" PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL

CAPTAIN H. G. MAINWARING, to whom we are indebted for this sketch, writes:—"Having just made a somewhat exciting run through the Suez Canal in the P. and O. steamship *Ancona*, I here-with send you a rough sketch of the wheel-house, &c., put in a state of temporary defence with mattresses and tea chests in case of an attack while passing through.

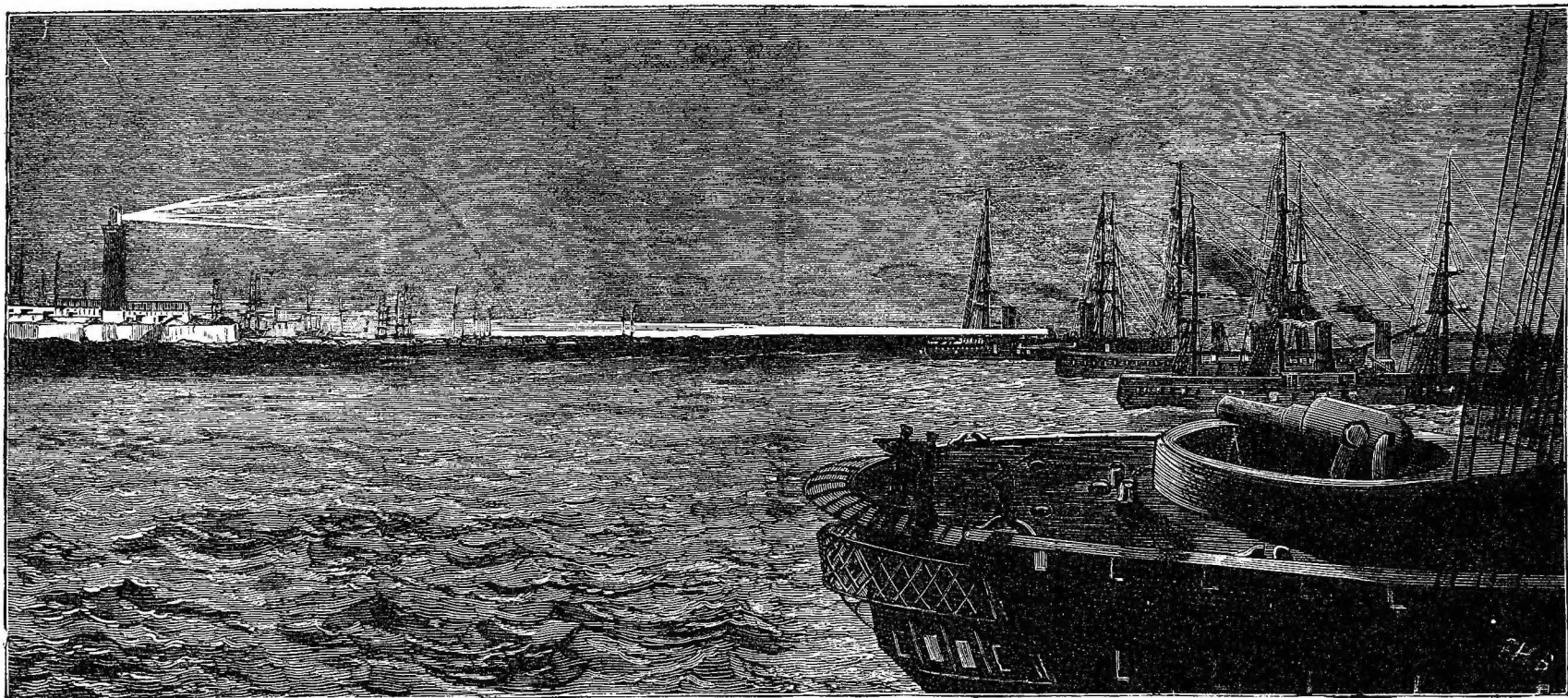
"We arrived at Suez July 10th. Both the P. and O. steamship *Surat*, with homeward mails, and ourselves were stopped by a telegram from the Admiral commanding at Cyprus, warning us not to go through, as the Canal banks were infested with roving Bedouins. In consequence of this we all thought we were fated to be detained for an indefinite period at Suez. As good luck would have it, however, an Italian man-of-war that happened to be at the station kindly consented to escort us through. We arrived at Port Said without having had any engagement with the men of Egypt, and also without having seen anything more formidable than a few working gangs on the Canal banks."



1. Rifled Guns on Moncrieff Carriages in the Fortifications.—2. Damage Sustained by H.M.S. "Superb" During the Action—A. The Place where a Shell Entered; B. Result of the Bursting of the Shell.—3. A Ship's "Top" in Fighting Trim.—4. Tower, Fort Pharos.—5. The Lighthouse, Showing the Damage done by the British Artillery.

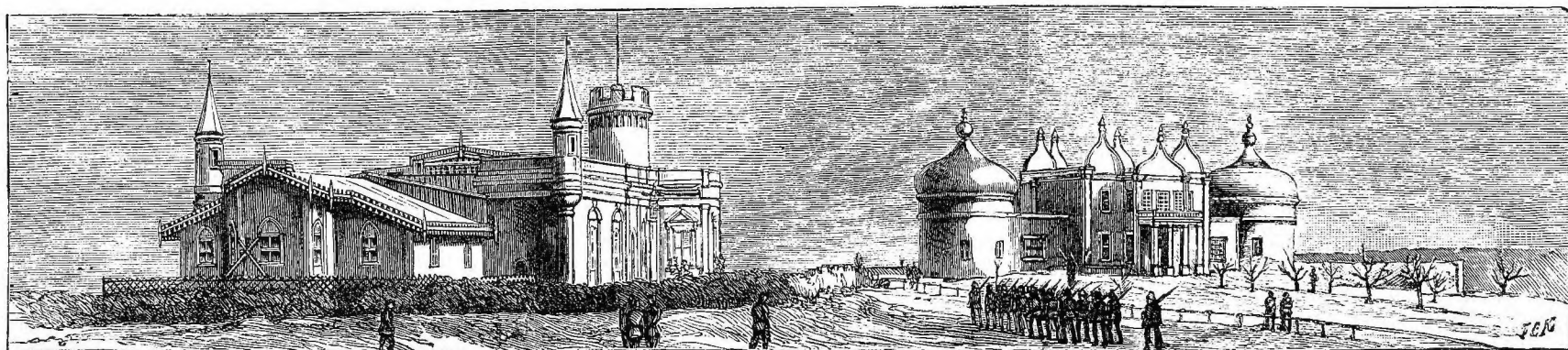
AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, JULY 11, 1882

From Sketches by a Naval Officer



BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT—SEARCHING THE FORTS WITH THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, JULY 9, 1882

From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



FLEMMING STATION ON THE WAY TO RAMLEH

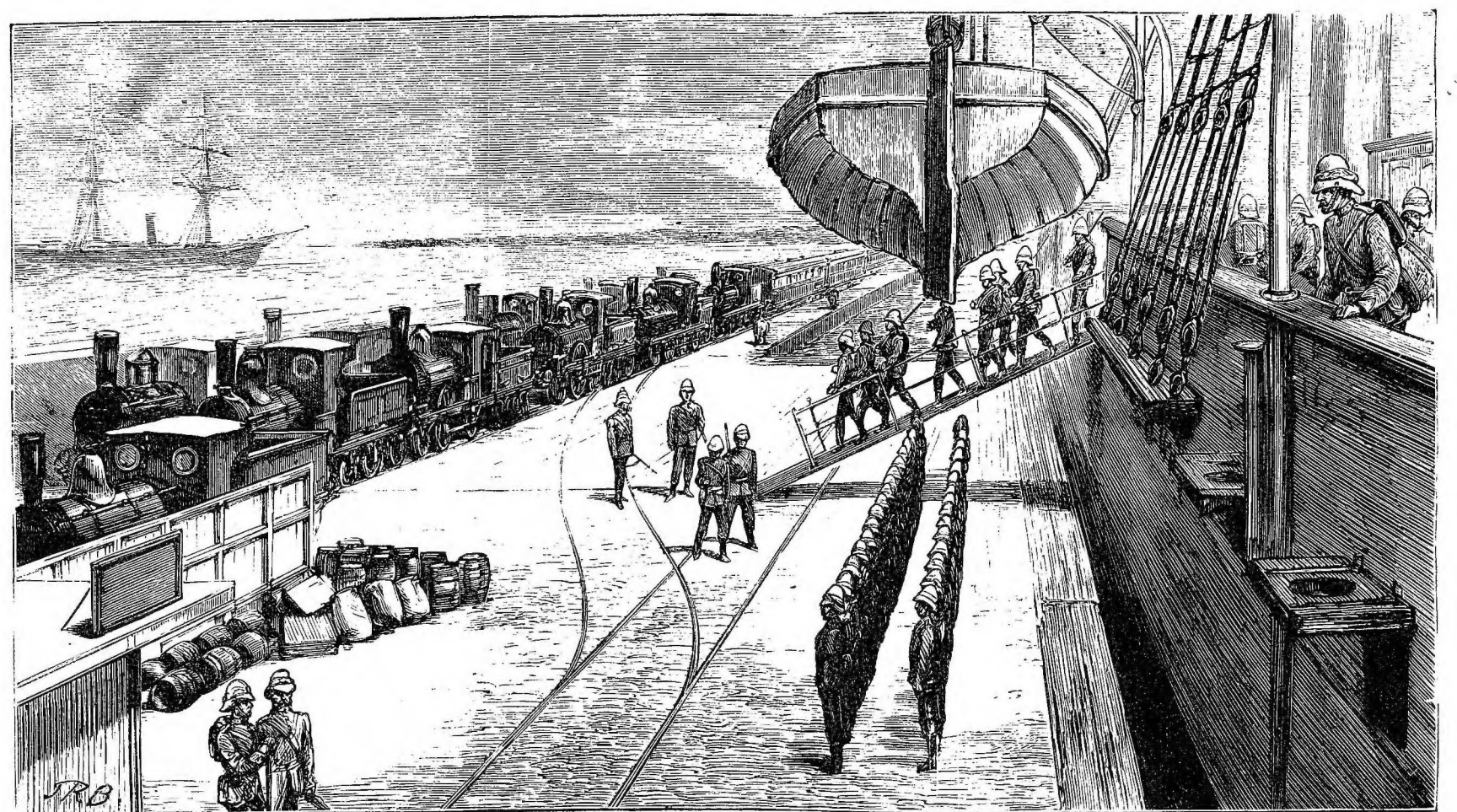
THE WAR IN EGYPT



AFTER THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA—MARINES FIRING ON ARAB LOOTERS



AFTER THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA—THE WRECK OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE



AFTER THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST RED COATS: THE LANDING OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE 38TH (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT

THE WAR IN EGYPT

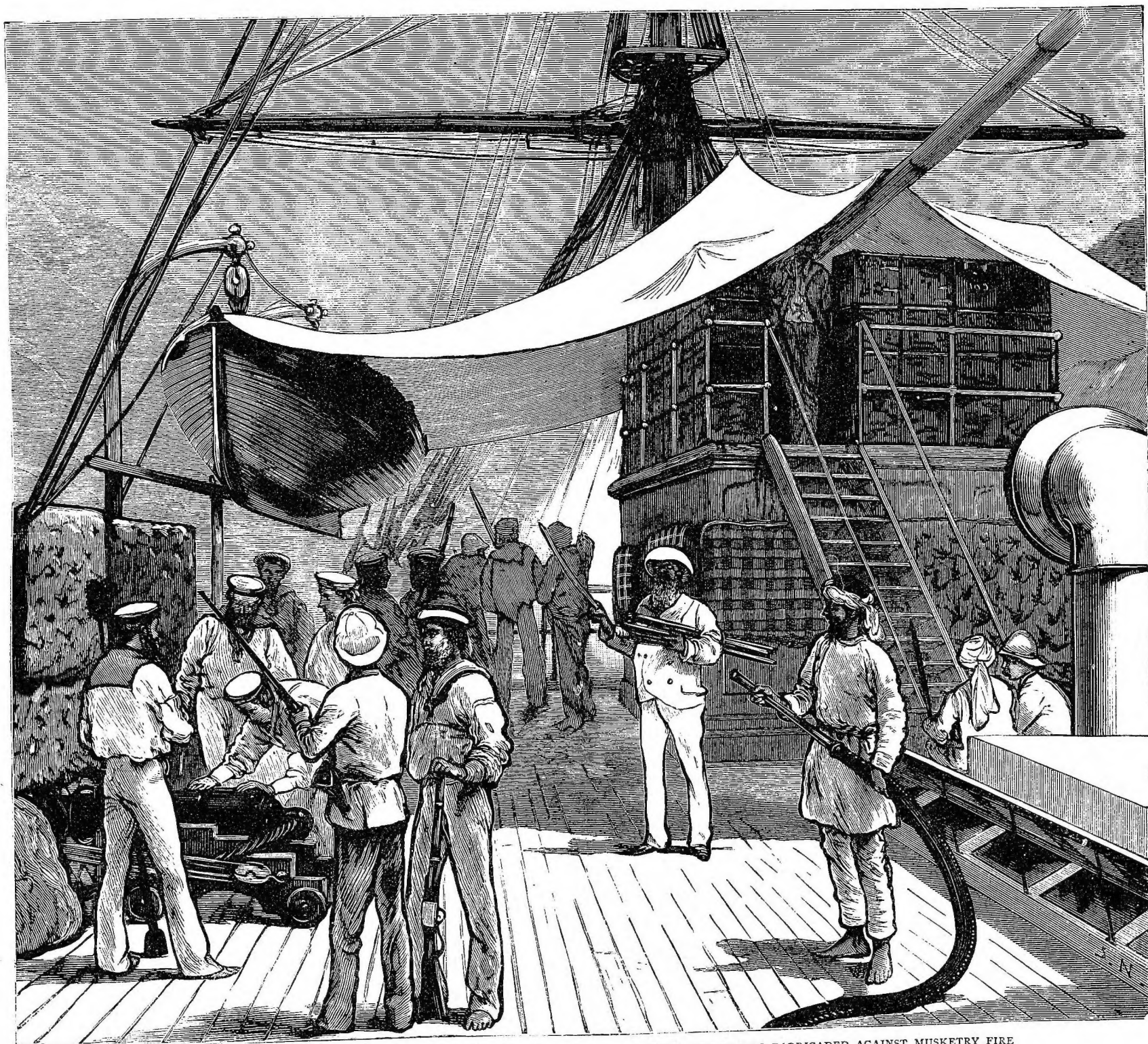
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



REAR-ADMIRAL ANTHONY HILEY HOSKINS, C.B.
Second Officer in Command of the Mediterranean Fleet



DR. HERBERT PANMURE RIBTON
Killed at Alexandria in the Massacre of June 11, 1882



THE P. AND O. STEAMER "ANCONA" PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL WITH HER BRIDGE BARRICADED AGAINST MUSKETRY FIRE

"The inhabitants of Ismailia seemed immensely amused at our barricade of bales of silk, chests of tea, &c., and pointed them out to each other in great glee. In case of an attack we should, of course, have given the enemy a most deadly reception, for besides six rifles and a 12-pounder signal gun, the passengers were served out with small deal sticks to repel the boarders! The ship's hose was likewise in readiness with an ample supply of hot water."

THE SCOTCH CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA

THERE is little architecturally to be said about this building—St. Andrew's Church of the Established Church of Scotland. The minister is the Rev. Dr. Yule, and the services before the bombardment were conducted every Sunday, in the morning in Arabic by the American mission, the ordinary service for English-speaking congregations being performed later on in the day.

OUR SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

THESE sketches, which only arrived in England on Wednesday, represent incidents which, thanks to the detailed telegraphic accounts given by the various correspondents of the daily newspapers, are already familiar to most of our readers. Our double-page engraving represents the first reconnaissance in force, which took place on Thursday, July 13th. When it was discovered that Arabi had retreated into the interior under cover of a flag of truce, detachments of marines and sailors were landed, and sent to explore the city. Various street fights occurred, as our men found Arabs firing and plundering private dwelling houses. These rascals were fired upon by our marines, and after a while a Gatling gun was landed from the *Monarch*, which proved of valuable assistance. Not that this retribution was confined solely to Arabs, as one scoundrel of a Christian who had taken the opportunity to loot was executed by our men with equal celerity. "A curious coincidence in the affair," writes our artist, "was that the execution took place in the very building where two young English merchants sought refuge and were murdered on June 11th." The British Consulate was not burnt during the first firing of the town, as *The Times* correspondent, writing on July 15th, reports it safe and sound. On the evening of that day, however, it was burnt to the ground, the flames having spread from the adjoining houses. Singularly enough the coat of arms usually suspended over the doorway was, our artist tells us, untouched. The first detachment of British troops proper was brought from Port Said by the *Northumberland* and *Aguincourt* on July 17th, being composed of the 38th Regiment (South Staffordshire) and the 60th Rifles. As, however, the depth of water would not allow these huge vessels to enter the inner harbour, the 38th Regiment was landed the same day by the merchant transport steamer *Nerissa*. In the background of his sketch our artist has shown the P. and O. landing-stage, with the steam locomotives saved from the clutches of Arabi Pasha. Respecting the effect of the guns on Fort Pharos after the bombardment, the correspondent of *The Times* writes:—"The Pharos Fort is known to all who have ever approached Alexandria by sea; it was the first striking sign as you approached from the westward. Built on the site of the old Alexandrian lighthouse, it was situated on an island still connected with the mainland by the old Heptastadium. It was guarded on all four sides by heavy guns, was well sheltered, and had what were deemed inexhaustible supplies of shot, shell, ammunition, and victuals. It was the Egyptian Gibraltar; no ship could pass from the eastward without coming under its formidable guns; no land force could approach from Aboukir but it must be annihilated from the same quarter. The Egyptian Gibraltar, however, had evidently not been constructed for the *Inflexible*. There were, perhaps, 100 guns of all sizes; nearly every one had been hit, ripped up from its stand, and hurled on its back. One was apparently untouched, and the shot was hanging to it, on the point of being lifted to the muzzle. The tower itself had disappeared; an exploded shell from the *Inflexible* gave some idea of where it had been."

THE "MARLBOROUGH" ENGINEERING SCHOOL

H.M.S. *Marlborough*, a screw-steam line of battle-ship, carrying 131 guns, was launched by Her Majesty the Queen just twenty-seven years ago, and was then considered the finest man-of-war afloat. She had, however, only two commissions, both in the Mediterranean, and in 1877 monster ironclads having meanwhile come into fashion, she was looked upon as a vessel of obsolete type, and as such was selected by the late Mr. Ward Hunt for utilisation as an establishment for the training of engineers. The *Marlborough* was therefore ordered to Portsmouth, where she was thoroughly overhauled, her machinery and everything being removed so as to leave her a mere shell, and being refitted in a suitable manner for her new purpose, she now lies moored alongside the Dockyard Wall, connected with the shore, not only by chain cables, but also by gas-pipes and water-mains. The sanitary arrangements are admirable, as is evidenced by the fact that since the foundation of the school only one fatal case of illness has occurred amongst the students, the average number of whom is about 130. The heating apparatus, the gymnasium, and the theatre, are situated in the hold or bottom of the ship, erstwhile occupied by the engines and boilers; on the main, middle, and lower decks are the dormitories, ranged on either side, and on the two former are the bath rooms; on the upper deck are the billiard room, the cabins of the chief officer, and the engineer officers; whilst on the orlop deck are the sleeping berths of the pensioners and servants. In the stern is the private study for the use of those who wish to work beyond the regulation hours; and the recreation room, which is copiously supplied with books, newspapers, and table-games, and which also boasts a pianoforte. The *Marlborough* is not so much used for instruction as for a dwelling or barrack, the main part of the students' work being carried on in the fitting and boiler shops, the brass and iron foundries, and the turnery, on shore, where also the recreation ground is of course situated.

Candidates for this branch of the service must qualify between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, and if successful at the test examination go through a series of study for six years, at the expiration of which period they should be in a position to receive rank. Their age, character, and physical condition are rigidly looked into, and every one has to be revaccinated. The engineer student's position is in every respect that of an apprentice, with signed bonds and indentures. Once a year the examination takes place under the President of the Royal Naval College, when prizes are distributed among the most successful. The visitors on board have been both numerous and distinguished; among the rest occur the names of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, several German Princes, and representatives of other countries, who have one and all expressed their liveliest satisfaction. A Danish naval officer was sent over by his Government on purpose to inspect and report, England being the only country where such institutions exist. When the *Marlborough* is no longer fit for the service, it is intended to construct a building on shore for its "Engineer Students."

THE RECENT CAB STRIKE

THE demands made by the London cab-drivers were so reasonable, and were urged in such a calm and moderate spirit, that now the strike is virtually over we cannot help regarding their victory over the "owners" as a matter for unmixed satisfaction and gratulation. Our sketches, which were taken in different parts of the metropolis during the "strike," need very little explanation. No. 1, "Not Settled Up," represents the "horsekeeper" refusing

the use of a cab to an unfortunate driver who has not been able to pay in his last day's amount. This rule is strictly insisted on, even if the deficit be but a shilling; and poor fellows are often obliged to visit the pawnbroker in order to meet the demand and be permitted to resume work. In No. 2 we have a couple of "Pickets" posted outside a tabooed yard to warn strange drivers against applying for cabs; whilst the next sketch shows some of the "Mumpers and Lurchers"—idle, drunken drivers of the lowest type—who took advantage of the strike, and went round to the "closed" yards, threatening to apply for cabs if they were not "squared" by the "Pickets." The unwonted luxury of a week or ten days' rest had its natural effect upon the horses themselves, and in the two following sketches we see the results.

In Nos. 6, 7, and 8 we have some glimpses of cabby's Club Life, these sketches having been taken at the premises of the Amalgamated Cabdrivers' Society, in Poland Street, Oxford Street, an institution which has several branches, and whose members, besides enjoying all the advantages of a working-man's club, are entitled to money allowances in cases of sickness, accident, or death; and to legal assistance in case of trade disputes. The *Centaur* is a newspaper devoted exclusively to the cab world, the editor and most of the literary contributors being themselves cab-drivers. Our last two sketches form a striking contrast, No. 9 representing a fortunate "one-number man," who, being the proprietor of a well-appointed cab and two horses, was quite independent of the strike movement; whilst No. 10 shows a miserable night-cabman, with a "growler" and a "bellows on four legs," waiting in the drenching rain for a fare. Some weeks ago we suggested co-operation as a means of relieving cabmen of their difficulties, and now we see that the Cabdrivers' Society above mentioned are about to start a "Limited" Company, with a capital of 10,000*l.* in 2*l.* shares, to work cabs on the co-operative principle. In the preliminary prospectus it is affirmed that the present owners have all made large fortunes, and that the promoters are able to demonstrate that on an outlay of 10,000*l.* for 100 cabs, a profit of from 35 to 40 per cent. per annum can be assured if cabs are let out at 10*s.* per day for two months of the year, rising 1*s.* every two months to a maximum of 15*s.*, the price rising or falling above or below these figures, as the price of corn per quarter is above or below 20*s.*

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN's New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 107.

NEW ZEALAND: ASCENT OF MOUNT COOK

MOUNT COOK is the highest mountain of the lofty range which skirts the western coast of the Southern Island of New Zealand. The summit is 12,349 feet high, and it was successfully climbed last March by the Rev. W. S. Green, of Carrigaline Rectory, Cork, Ireland, an active member of the Alpine Club, accompanied by two Swiss mountaineers, Mr. Ulrich Kaufmann, one of the most skilful guides in the Bernese Oberland, and Mr. Emil Boss, a notable chamois hunter. These men were specially engaged by Mr. Green to assist him in this expedition, and to their skill and intrepidity he in a great degree attributes its successful issue.

So wild and rugged is the mountain that they were a fortnight in climbing the first 2,000 feet, until they got on to the glaciers. The dangers were far greater than are to be found anywhere in Europe. The chief peril was the vast number of avalanches, which were almost incessant. These caused the party no little delay in trying to avoid them, and the ascent of the peak occupied some twelve hours of hard travel. Upwards they slowly made their way, Kaufmann cutting steps in the ice till his hands were black with blisters. They had bivouacked the previous night at the foot of Mount Tasman, 7,000 feet above the sea, and started for the summit of Mount Cook at 6 A.M., March 2nd. As they neared the top the weather, which had been bright and clear, became dull and moist. The summit was reached at 6.20 P.M., but the air being full of clouds nothing could be seen. After ten minutes they began the downward journey. At 2,000 feet from the top the darkness of night came on, and on a ledge only a few inches wide, too narrow to sit down upon, with an ice-slope 4,000 feet below them, they passed the night stamping their feet and beating their hands, with no food but a few Brand's meat lozenges. They were all tied together, and each watched that his fellows did not go to sleep, which would have meant destruction to the whole party. As it rained all night they were wet as well as weary and hungry. At sunrise the descent was resumed, and in three hours the bivouac on Mount Tasman was safely reached. They proceeded at once down the glacier to their camp, which they reached at 7 P.M. They had been thirty-seven hours on their feet, most of the time wet through, and for the last twenty-two hours without food, the lozenges excepted. At the camp they enjoyed a well-earned rest, and then packed up and descended to the foot of the glacier. Here they waited vainly two days for their horses, which it had been arranged should return to take them away on the day they got down. As the horses did not appear they started for Birch Hill Station, and had just forded the rough and dangerous Hooker by tying together and using their ice-saws as supports, when they saw the horses on the opposite side. They succeeded in attracting the attention of the man in charge of them, and finally reached Timaru safely on Saturday, March 4th.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Green, with the exception of one, "The Night Bivouac on the Ledge," which was sent to us by Mr. H. J. Marshall, of Poulton Priory, Fairford.

NEW ZEALAND—VISIT OF THE MAORI KING TO AUCKLAND

UNTIL a quarter of a century ago, the New Zealanders were content with the authority of their chiefs. But, as they saw the white man (*pakeha*) increasing rapidly in power and numbers, they resolved, in avowed imitation of the Israelites of old, to have a king to rule over them. In 1857, a great native meeting was held at Rangiriri, at which this question was fully discussed. The proposed national flag was displayed, a white flag with a red border and two red crosses (a symbol of Christianity), and upon it the words, "Potatau, King of New Zealand." Hostility to the white man was disclaimed, and the object of the kingship was declared to be its cementing and unifying influence. Nevertheless, several of the older chiefs significantly observed that they saw trouble in the new flag, and their foreboding proved correct. A gloomy period of misunderstanding, distrust, treachery, massacre, and war followed between the two races.

A far better feeling now exists, though no doubt this is partly due to the fact that, as compared with the Maori, the *pakeha* is far more powerful than he was twenty years ago. The former may truly say of the latter, in the words of Scripture, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

After a while Potatau died, and was succeeded by his son, Tawhiao. Till recently, Tawhiao lived in seclusion (as regarded the Europeans) in what is known as "the King Country," but latterly he had begun friendly intercourse with the British Government, and when Te Whiti, the Maori prophet, stirred up an agitation against the white man concerning the land question, Tawhiao did not countenance the proceedings. If he had, without doubt another war would have broken out.

In the month of January last, Tawhiao was persuaded to pay a visit to the city of Auckland. This visit was considered to be an important move towards the settlement of native difficulties. For-

merly the Maori King was either at open war with the Crown, or maintained an attitude of hostile isolation.

Six months before the Auckland visit Tawhiao had showed his friendly feelings by laying down his arms, and with 400 of his warriors visiting the various Waikato settlements which had been won by force of arms from his ancestors. He then arranged for the visit to Auckland, which took place in January.

He and his suite met with a polite and ceremonious reception. They were entertained at a banquet by the Mayor, Mr. J. M. Clark, Mr. J. C. Firth, and other prominent citizens; they were taken round in carriages to inspect all the principal manufactories; and there was also a torchlight procession and a display of fireworks. Tawhiao seemed much gratified with his reception, and declared that a lasting peace had been established between the two races.

Our engravings are from sketches by Miss E. and Miss C. Bleazard, of Rocheleigh, Mount Eden, Auckland. The first represents part of the village of Orakei, the only Maori settlement near Auckland, and the residence of the Chief Paul. A visit was made here by the King on his way to Auckland.

Tawhiao is the descendant of a long line of warriors. He is of middle age and gentleman-like manners, and has an air of great natural grace and dignity. He wore a flax mat round his body, a white hat with a crape band, ornamented with peacock feathers, and carried a club in his hand.

The public banquet was remarkable for its contrasts of figures, attitudes, and costumes. The Maori ladies lighted up cigarettes after dinner. The women are not tattooed on the cheeks, only on the lips and chin.

The water display by the Fire Brigade was given for the amusement of the natives.

The last sketch shows an entertainment given to Tawhiao and his followers by Mr. J. C. Firth at his residence, Clifton, Mount Eden. The King is shown in the act of making a declaration of goodwill. Beside him are Mr. Firth and Mr. James Mackay, who acted as interpreter.

THE LYING IN STATE OF GENERAL SKOBELEFF

THE sudden death of General Skobelev created considerable excitement in Russia, where the "white general" was looked upon as the great coming military leader. His successes in the Shipka Pass, his capture of Gök Tépé, and his numerous victories in Central Asia had won him the renown of a great general, while his undaunted personal bravery had endeared him to his soldiers, and, indeed, to the army in general. Unfortunately, he was not wonted to mingle in political affairs. He was an ardent Slavophile, and nurtured an intense hatred to the Germans—indeed, his anti-Teutonic speeches at Paris must be still fresh in the minds of our readers. To all appearance General Skobelev was a robust, healthy man, and his sudden death, which is officially attributed to paralysis of the heart and atrophy of the left lung excited much surprise. The circumstances of his death at a not very reputable restaurant in Moscow, however, have given rise to rumours of foul play, which, nevertheless, are confined to vague statements. His body was embalmed, and lay in state in the Church of the Three Saints, Moscow, the coffin being covered with flowers, wreaths, and military emblems, and placed on a gilt bier decorated with the collars of the late General's Orders. A grand Requiem Mass was performed in the presence of the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Alexis, and a number of military and official celebrities, and the Grand Dukes themselves carried the coffin out of the church. The funeral at the family vault in the province of Riazan was attended by people of all classes, including some of the highest members of official circles.

NOTE.—Last week in our account of the Bombarding Fleet at Alexandria, we spoke of the *Invisible* as being commanded by Captain Fitzroy, instead of by Captain Robert H. M. Molyneux, who was appointed to the command of that vessel a few months ago in succession to Captain Fitzroy.



THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION has again been the sole absorbing political topic, and though the policy and action of the Government have been subjected to much criticism as to details, almost the only downright condemnation of it comes from the London Positivist Society, who have issued a protest, drawn up by Professor Beesly, in which the various reasons given for armed intervention are examined and rejected, and a recommendation is made that we should at once withdraw our forces, give up the Control, and leave the bondholders to shift for themselves, telling the Egyptian Government that, so long as the Canal is not injured, we would neither meddle with their country nor allow other nations to do so. This protest was issued last week, and on Monday Mr. Frederic Harrison, speaking at Newton Hall, the meeting place of the London Positivists, declared that the grounds alleged for the war were utterly inadequate, and that it was pure sophistry to disclaim purpose of conquest or annexation. War was war, whether the titular Sovereign be your creature or not, and the crime was only deepened by the rank hypocrisy which veiled it. Mr. Gladstone having betrayed the great cause which was entrusted to him two years ago, the only practical course was to appeal to the conscience of the English people. "We, who did everything which as citizens we could do to bring this Government into power, and to support them in all just causes, must declare that the good name of our country is above party, and that to support them now is to share their recantation of principle."—Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at a meeting at Charlton on Saturday, contrasted the policy of the late Government with that of the present, declaring that, whilst Lord Beaconsfield had saved Constantinople, Mr. Gladstone had destroyed Alexandria.

THE VOTE OF CREDIT proposed by Mr. Gladstone amounts to 2,300,000*l.*, and is to be provided for by an increase of 3*d.* on the income-tax for one half-year, or 1½*d.* for the whole year. 900,000*l.* is required for the Army and 1,400,000*l.* for the Navy, 1,200,000*l.* of which is for transport service.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The forces about to be despatched to Egypt are—cavalry, 2,400; infantry, 13,400; artillery, 1,700; hospital and other non-combatant services, 3,700, with a reserve of 3,100 to sail at a later period. The entire force of 21,000 officers and men, including nine general officers, will be under the command of General Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.B., with General Sir John Adye, K.C.B., as second in command, and Lieutenant-Generals G. H. S. Willis, C.B., and Sir E. B. Hamley as divisional commanders. One hundred men of the 24th Middlesex (Post Office) Volunteers have been chosen to accompany the forces and take charge of the postal arrangements during the campaign. No fewer than thirty transport ships have been engaged to carry the troops, stores, and ammunition, and will sail from London, Liverpool, and Glasgow respectively, on dates yet to be fixed. The first of these, the *Dacca*, left Woolwich on Wednesday, calling at Gravesend for some troops from Chatham, and on Thursday at Portsmouth for the remainder of her complement. To-day (Saturday) the *Orient* starts from the Albert Docks with the staff of the First Division, including General Willis, and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who goes out at the head of the Guards

Brigade. Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir John Adye will remain to superintend the preparations, and then proceed overland, thus overtaking the earliest transports. A Royal Proclamation calling out the Army Reserve men of the First Class, who number about 10,000, for permanent service, and suspending all transfers from the Army to the Reserve, appeared on Tuesday in the *Gazette*, which also contained an Order in Council extending the period of Militia training from twenty-eight to fifty-six days.

MR. BRIGHT'S RESIGNATION has been received with perfect approval by his friends of the Birmingham Liberal Association, who have passed a vote of "unabated confidence" in him, although curiously enough, they at the same meeting declared their "deep sympathy" with and "cordial approval" of the Government in relation to the Egyptian question.—It is certainly less wonderful that the Durham Society of Friends should have sent Mr. Bright a letter congratulating him on "having had the courage to resign rather than violate his convictions."—The Cobden Club on Saturday declined to discuss a motion put forward by Sir Wilfrid Lawson denouncing the "international outrage" committed by the Fleet at Alexandria on the 11th inst.—Mr. Bright having been asked by a correspondent to define his position in regard to war, has replied that he believes all our wars since the reign of William the Third might have been avoided on principles which do not require the absolute condemnation of war in every possible case that can be suggested or imagined.

THE CHANCELLORSHIP OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER, vacated by Mr. Bright, has been provisionally given to the Earl of Kimberley, who will, however, retain his position as Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Heneghan has undertaken to bring forward a resolution in favour of abolishing the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and substituting a Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

IRELAND.—No successor to Colonel Brackenbury has yet been appointed, but *The Times* denies that there was any foundation for the rumour that his resignation was due to any disagreement with Lord Spencer or the Executive at Dublin Castle. The Government is vigorously carrying out the Prevention of Crimes Act. New blood is being infused into the magistracy by the pensioning of old men to make room for young ones, and all those in the proclaimed districts are required to hold weekly sessions for the trial of prisoners arrested under the Act.—Mr. Baron Fitzgerald, whose repugnance to some of the provisions of the Act was well known, has resigned.—At Mallow, Mr. O'Brien has been put up as a Land League candidate, for the vacancy which it is expected will be caused by the promotion of the Attorney-General to the Bench. Mr. Dillon, speaking the other day on his behalf, denied that there was any division in the Irish Parliamentary party, and spoke of Mr. Parnell as a leader of singular ability, who had first taught them how to use Parliamentary representation. Mr. Sexton, at the same meeting, warned his hearers to have nothing to do with the two great English parties, whose only difference was that while both ruled Ireland with an iron hand, the Whigs sometimes put on a velvet glove. The Government had found coercion in Ireland a very expensive proceeding, and now they wished to get rid of the Irish people on the cheap—5s. a head; but if the people were to be emigrated they must know where they were to be sent, and they must have a comfortable home and farm to go to.—From across the Atlantic comes the news of the death of Miss Fanny Parnell; and of the arrest in Venezuela of an Irishman named O'Brien, who, stung by conscience, has given himself up as one of the four men who murdered Lord F. Cavendish and Mr. Burke, in Phoenix Park. In a deposition before the British Consul he gave the names of his three accomplices, who, he said, were employed by influential persons, each receiving 20s., which, he remarked, was "worth more to an Irishman than an Englishman's life." No extradition difficulties are apprehended, but it is doubtful whether, if even the story be true, the confession itself is genuine.—A Dublin telegram says:—"Lord Carnarvon having stated that Arabi's letter to Mr. Gladstone was drawn by an English hand, it is conjectured that the Irish Fenian, Captain Aylward, a native of Dublin, who gave his services to the Boers during the late war, has joined Arabi, and is assisting him against the British. Just before the outbreak at Alexandria a number of Irishmen had landed there."

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.—On Monday the Duke of Cambridge, in presenting the prizes to the successful students of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, expressed great pleasure at the reports of their conduct and attainments, which left scarcely anything to be desired. He, however, cautioned them against the evil of taking up too many subjects for the mere purpose of winning marks, and reminded them that discipline, though disagreeable, was as essential to them as science. Both the regulation sword for exemplary conduct and the Pollock Gold Medal for distinguished efficiency were awarded to Mr. Ronald J. H. Mackenzie, the Senior Cadet; and Mr. Henry L. A. Jenkinson took the Tombs Memorial Scholarship as the highest on the list for the Royal Artillery. Nine of the students received Commissions in the Royal Engineers, and thirty-seven in the Royal Artillery.

THE WIMBLEDON MEETING, which closed on Saturday night with the presentation of prizes by the Duchess of Albany, was on the whole dull and uneventful, the scoring throughout being lower than average, owing partly to the gusty weather and partly to the military positions being insisted upon. Sergeant Lawrance, the winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, arrived in Dumbarton on Tuesday, and had an enthusiastic reception. He was chaired through the town, and entertained at a banquet in the evening.

THE "EIRA" RELIEF EXPEDITION.—A letter from Sir Allen Young, the commander of the *Hope* Arctic vessel, has been received by Mr. T. N. Smith. It is dated "July 11th, Pors Anger Fiord," which the *Hope* was just leaving for Karmahule, on the coast of Nova Zembla. All on board were well and happy.

THE RECENT THUNDERSTORMS are reported to have done much damage in the various parts of England and Scotland. At Newton Heath, near Manchester, a lad who was flying a kite was killed by lightning; at Bristol the lower part of the city was flooded; in Suffolk several houses were destroyed by lightning, and in the north-east portion of Scotland the crops have suffered severely. In the Shetland Isles the lightning struck a hill-top near Lerwick, detaching huge masses of rock, estimated to weigh 400 tons.

A SHIP CANAL across the isthmus which connects the Mull of Kintyre with the mainland is the latest engineering project. It will be only two miles in length, but will give direct passage between the Clyde and the Atlantic, by which vessels bound for the North and West of Scotland, or *vice versa*, would save 115 miles.

A HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION on a very extensive and comprehensive scale is now open at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. In addition to a fine display of plants, flowers, and fruit, there is a large collection of garden implements and appliances.

THE "ORDER OF THE GOLDEN AGE" is the latest novelty in guilds. It has four grades of members. Those of the first must believe in the Apostles' Creed, rise at 7 A.M., dress soberly, and be humane; whilst those of the second must also abstain from flesh meat, those of the third from fish diet, and those of the fourth from strong drink.

THE REGENT'S PARK ENCLOSURE.—On the southern side of Regent's Park there is an enclosure some fourteen acres in extent, which is reserved for the exclusive use of residents in the neighbouring houses and others who pay a subscription for keys, but the Marylebonites consider that this arrangement is unfair to themselves

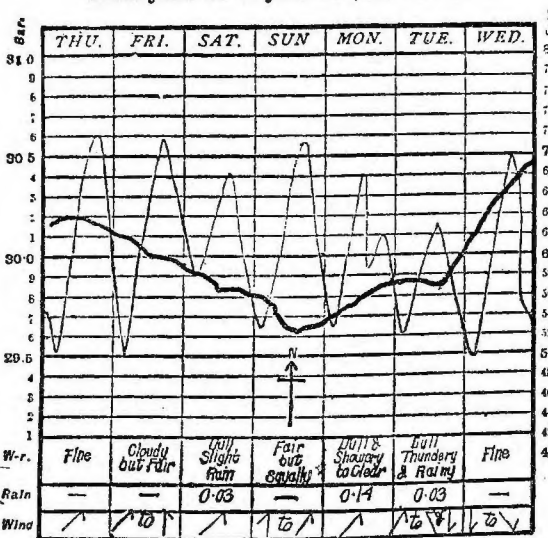
and the general public, and have petitioned the Commissioner of Public Works to throw the land open for public use.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.—On Saturday the *May Fly*, a pleasure yacht of 120 tons, having on board four passengers and a crew of ten men, was run down off Dungeness by a large screw steamer, the *Valhalla*, of West Hartlepool. She was completely cut in two, and sank instantly, four of the crew being drowned, the rest of those on board being saved by the *Valhalla*. The accident occurred in broad daylight; and it is stated that every endeavour was made by the yachtsmen to attract the steamer's attention.—At Brighton on Monday, a lad named Trenchard, aged eleven, was killed while bathing off the West Pier, being struck by a heavy box which, it is stated, was thrown off the pier-head "for fun" by a person named Franklin, who, after writing a letter of condolence to the bereaved parents, went off to Goodwood Races, but who was subsequently arrested for manslaughter, and is now under remand, being released on 300s. bail. The lad sank immediately, and his body has not yet been recovered.

METROPOLITAN STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.—Londoners, and indeed Englishmen generally, are now so deeply absorbed in the affairs of Egypt that we can hardly wonder if the subject to which the Earl of Milltown the other day called the attention of the House of Lords should have altogether escaped their notice, albeit the matter is one in which they ought to feel great interest. His lordship moved for a return of all the gates, bars, and obstructions which were placed across certain streets of the metropolis, with particulars as to the parishes in which they were respectively situated, the street or other place they obstructed, with the width of such street or place; whether the roadway of such street or place was repaired by the local authorities; whether, if such street or place were opened as a thoroughfare, much traffic would be likely to pass through it, and from what points; and a description of each bar or obstruction, with the authority for its erection and continuance, and the date of its first erection; also what powers such authority conferred, and to what extent those powers were now put in force. This motion was of course made with a view to legislation, his lordship remarking, in parenthesis, that the Metropolitan Board of Works, the citizens of London, and the vestries had for a long time been most anxious to get rid of these obstacles to traffic; and as it was only withdrawn in consequence of Lord Rosebery's assurance that a similar return which had been asked for in the House of Commons would soon be laid before their lordships we may perhaps ere long see some attempt made to ameliorate the evil complained of. Lord Milltown's remark that "strangers who visited London would be surprised to hear that the person who maintained these obstructions at so much inconvenience to the public was a great Liberal peer, and a supporter of Her Majesty's Government" was sufficiently pointed and sarcastic, and will be duly appreciated by all those who are at all familiar with the many blocks and stoppages which annoy the wayfarer in that portion of London which is bounded northwards by the Euston Road, southwards by Holborn, and lies between Gray's Inn Road and Tottenham Court Road. There are, of course, solitary instances of the same kind in other parts of the Metropolis, but the owner of the district which we have thus roughly indicated is the chief offender, and as such will, we hope, be made an example of by the Legislature. The plea for quietness and semi-privacy, which has sometimes been urged on behalf of the occupants of these shut-off streets and squares, is hardly tenable, for the traffic which would be turned into them, whilst greatly relieving the main thoroughfares, would naturally distribute itself, so that little noise or bustle would be created; witness the condition of the other parts of London to the West and South-West, where gates and bars are almost unknown. In any case, the selfish argument should not be allowed to outweigh that in favour of general public convenience.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JULY 20 TO JULY 26 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of this period an anti-cyclone lay over France, the barometer was rising, the weather had become fine, and conditions seemed much more settled than of late. On Friday (21st inst.), however, it was seen that the favourable change was one of a purely temporary character, for a fresh series of depressions was at that time appearing in the west, the anti-cyclone was dispersing, and the weather was again becoming cloudy. In a short time unsettled, showery conditions once more prevailed, and dull weather, with occasional rain, was experienced on Saturday (22nd inst.), Monday (24th inst.), and Tuesday (25th inst.). On Wednesday (26th inst.) an anti-cyclone appeared over us from the westward, and fair weather again set in, but there were reasons for supposing that the change would not be permanent. Temperature has remained rather low for the season. The highest point reached has been only 72°, and on Tuesday (25th inst.) the thermometer never rose above 63°. The barometer was highest (30.44 inches) on Wednesday (26th inst.); lowest (29.63 inches) on Sunday (23rd inst.); range, 0.81 inches. Temperature was highest (72°) on Thursday (20th inst.); lowest (50°) on Thursday (20th inst.), Friday (21st inst.), and Wednesday (26th inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.14 inches, on Monday (24th inst.).

A ROYAL GAME OF POKER recently played at the Lisbon Court gave rise to an unpleasant revelation respecting Portuguese finance. When King Alfonso of Spain was lately staying with the King of Portugal, he proposed to teach him the game of poker, which he had learnt from the American Minister at Madrid. The two kings sat down to cards, and Dom Luis, as a novice in the game, speedily lost the sum of 21.6s., but on applying to the Royal Treasury, not a farthing was to be found. The Minister of Finance was then appealed to, but he declared that Portugal was in such an impoverished state that not one shilling could be raised to pay the Royal gambling debts. At least, so says the *New York Times*.



HUNTING BY THE ELECTRIC LIGHT is to be tried by the Emperor of Austria at the new castle and park now being planned for the Imperial family at Speisig.

A RELIC OF THE GREAT NATURALIST HUMBOLDT has been placed in the Berlin Botanical Museum—the cane which he used in all his travels. It is made of common oak, with a bent crook, and is decidedly the worse for wear.

ANOTHER BALLOON VOYAGE ACROSS THE CHANNEL is shortly to be attempted—this time from France to England. The aeronauts, M. Wilfrid de Fonvielle and two companions, will travel in a very large balloon, the *Ecole-Française*.

THE SUEZ CANAL has produced an unfortunate effect on the Mediterranean Fisheries. Sharks from the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean now migrate through the Canal to the Mediterranean in such numbers as to seriously diminish the catch of marketable fish.

A CAPILARY MUSEUM is being formed at Tours by an industrious hairdresser, who is collecting the locks of celebrities for the veneration of our descendants. He points out that a lock of hair is one of the most enduring memorials, as it neither decays nor materially changes colour. Each tress, however small, is to be tied with gold thread and suspended in a glass case, its authenticity being guaranteed by the signature of the former owner, countersigned by the Tours Municipality to prevent deception.

COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE after the English fashion is fast increasing in favour with our Transatlantic cousins, who in many other ways have become remarkably Anglicised of late years, so declares the *Albany Sunday Press*. People now spend six months of the year at their country residence, coming to town shortly before Christmas, if they are pre-eminently correct. "They drive public coaches, they ride to hounds in pink, they play tennis every day. Yes, this is delightfully English, certainly!"

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT has even penetrated to Japan, to judge from a paragraph in the *Japan Weekly Mail*. A female political Society has been formed at Okyama, in the district of Bizen, with the assistance of an active young lady orator from Osaka, and the ladies hold regular gatherings, with the view of reforming the original dull and spiritless existence of Oriental women, and "developing their political ideas to enable them to render effectual assistance to men in consolidation of Liberal principles."

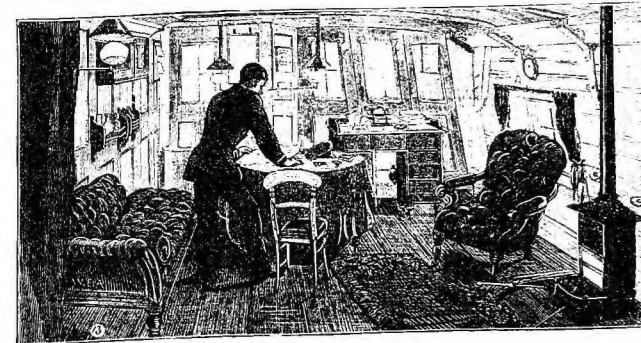
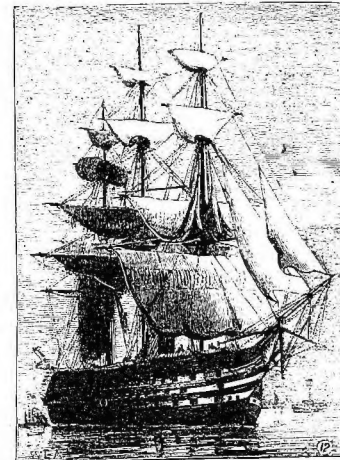
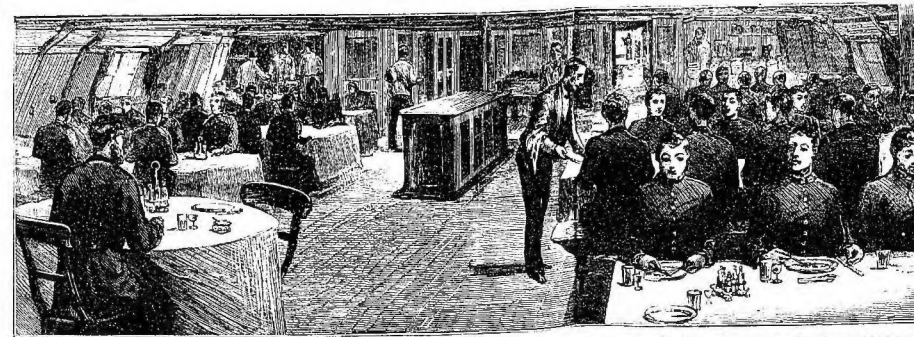
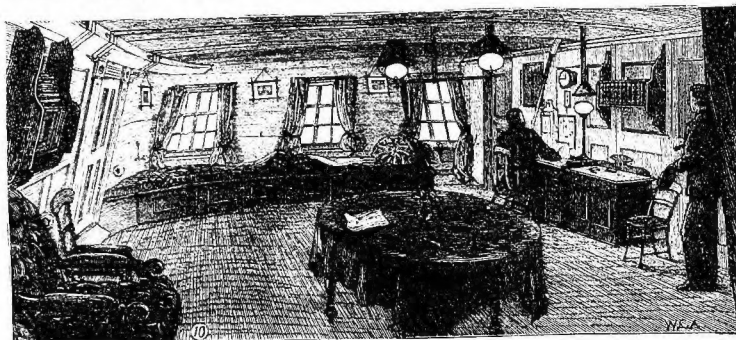
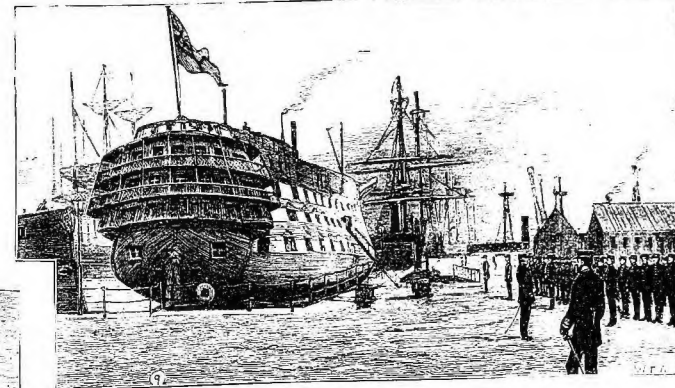
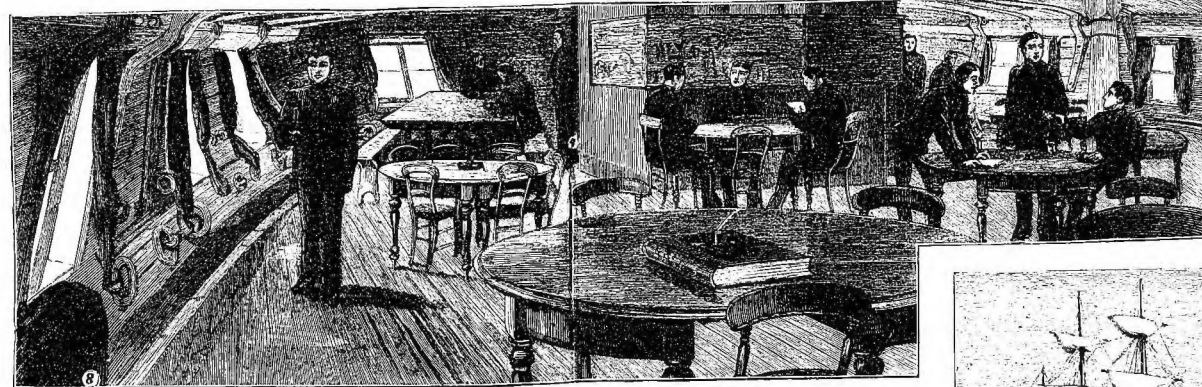
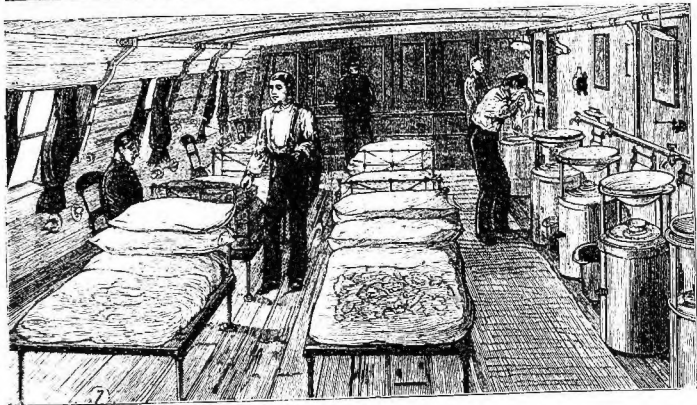
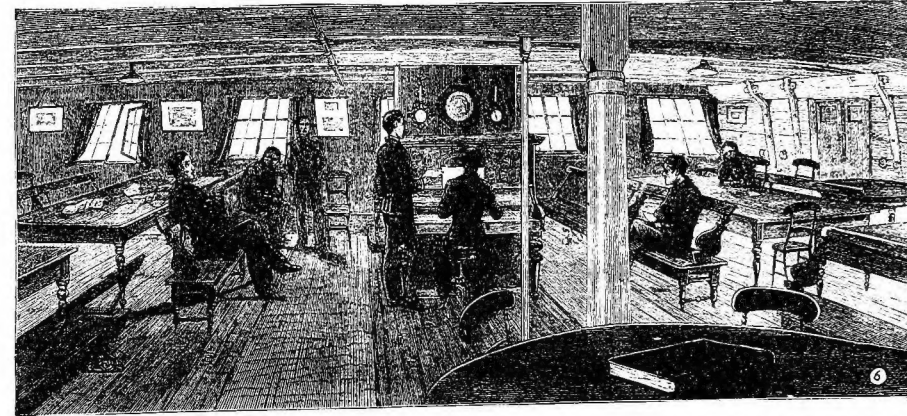
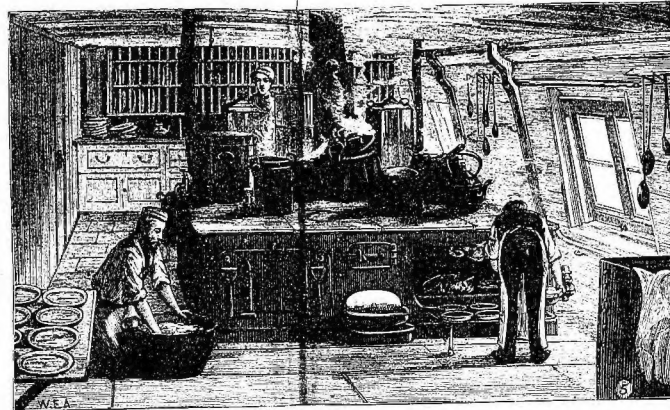
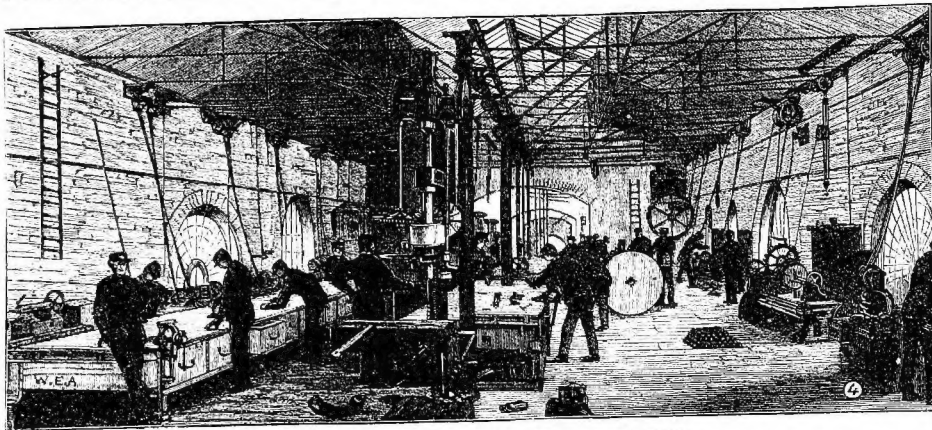
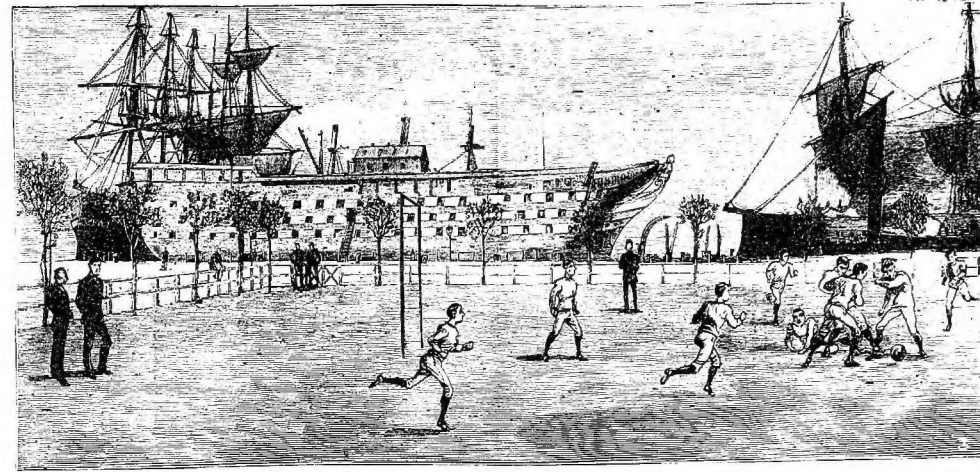
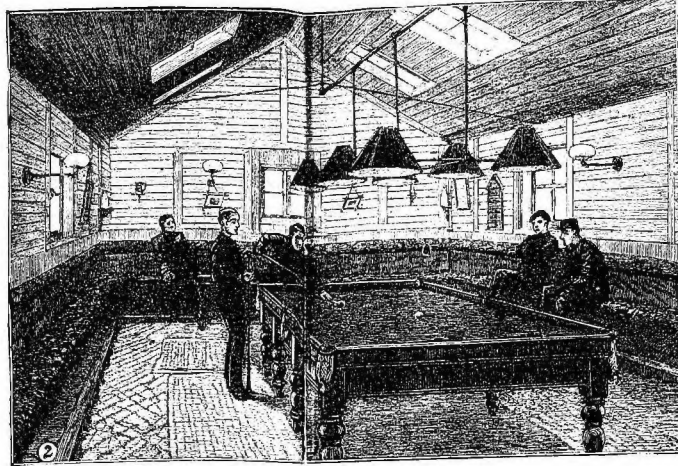
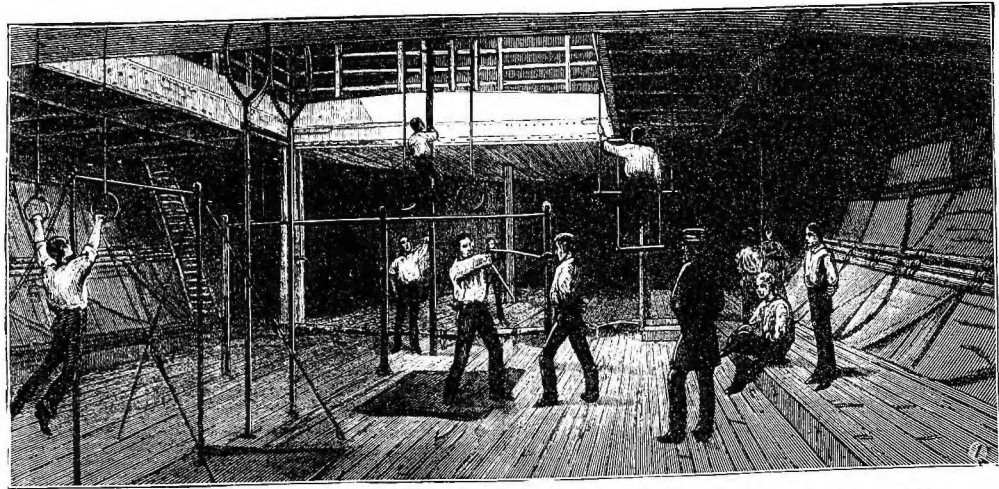
THE SARDINE FISHERY ON THE BRETON COAST, which has so sadly diminished of late, owing, it is said, mainly to the change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, is worse than ever this year, and two days' work has completely exhausted the annual catch. As some 8,000 vessels, employing about 30,000 men, are engaged in the fishery, besides 200 factories for preparing the fish, occupying 100 hands apiece, a bad season means dire misery to a large share of the population. The French Government will be petitioned to institute a searching inquiry into the subject.

THE ALPINE ACCIDENT SEASON has already commenced, and the first victim this year is Mr. F. M. Balfour, the newly-elected Professor of Animal Morphology at Cambridge, who has been killed by a fall while ascending Mont Blanc. The bodies of Mr. Balfour and his guide have been found on the Italian side of the mountain. Altogether Swiss travellers are rather unfortunate just now, owing to the severe storms, which caused the loss of five lives on Lake Constance, by the overturning of a boat, while part of the Simplon Road, near the Italian Custom House at Iselle, has been washed away. Recent travellers found a torrent in the place of the path, and had to scramble along on foot, while, although the road is being mended, the repairs will take some time.

A BANQUET IN THE LEG OF A STATUE has lately been enjoyed by a select party of Parisians. This curious feast was given by the sculptor of the huge figure of "Liberty Illuminating the World," which is to be presented by France to adorn the entrance of New York Harbour. The colossal head will be remembered by visitors to the Paris Exhibition in 1878, and the body is now being manufactured of thin copper plates laid on a solid wooden foundation. At present it is only completed to a little above the knee, and here the twenty visitors held festival, climbing up to the dinner-table on the top of the scaffolding, and having the dishes sent up and down by means of pulleys. When complete the statue will be 135 feet high from the foot to the extremity of the torch held above the head by the right hand—some 30 feet taller than the Colossus of Rhodes.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,321 deaths were registered against 1,347, a decline of 26, being 388 below the average, and at the rate of 17.7 per 1,000. There were 4 deaths from small-pox, 37 from measles (a fall of 7), 28 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 2), 13 from diphtheria (a rise of 5), 58 from whooping-cough (a decline of 7), 1 from typhus, 8 from enteric fever (a fall of 6) 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a decrease of 1), 118 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 16) and 5 from cholera (a rise of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 157 (a decrease of 42, and 27 below the average), of which 86 were attributed to bronchitis, and 43 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths, of which 39 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,453 births registered, against 2,483 during the preceding week, and these were 115 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 61 deg., and 2.2 deg. below the average.

RECENT ENGRAVINGS.—Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Son have sent us an admirable etching by M. Paul Rajon of Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture "The Toper." This is an excellent specimen of M. Rajon's work. The latent humour of the original painting is admirably reproduced, and the jolly, bibulous cavalier stands boldly out in all his glory of sack and canary. No less meritorious a work is forwarded by Mr. Robert Dunthorne—an etching by Mr. John Park of Mr. Hamilton Macallum's picture, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1881—a study of rollicking young sea-dogs who are rocking their frail crafts from side to side to the imminent danger but manifest enjoyment of themselves and their crew of chubby fisher-girls. Far more pretentious are the pair of engravings forwarded by Messrs. Fairless and Beethorn of M. Doré's well-known pictures, "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem." To the admirers of M. Doré's style these handsome engravings will be most welcome. They are well executed and truthful transcripts of the original paintings. A strong contrast to them is afforded by a quiet but characteristic little etching of a single figure, "Dolce Far Niente," by Mr. T. B. Kennington, which has been sent by Messrs. W. A. Mansell and Co. The same publishers also forward a number of their photographic reproductions of the principal pictures in Hampton Court Palace. The photographs are by Mr. L. B. Fleming, and serve as trustworthy remembrances of some of the well-known works of Holbein, Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, Titian, Rembrandt, and other old masters, whose pictures form the chief attraction of the collection. Finally, we would call attention to two admirable coloured reproductions, published by Mr. John G. Murdoch, of M. de Neuville's paintings, "Dying to Save the Queen's Colours," one representing Lieutenants Melville and Coghill riding with the colours from the battlefield of Isandula, the other depicting the finding of the bodies of those heroes. They form a striking pair, and the colour-printing is bold and effective without being in the least glaring.



1. THE GYMNASIUM IN THE ENGINE ROOM.—2. THE BILLIARD ROOM ON THE UPPER DECK.—3. THE RECREATION GROUND.—4. THE FITTING SHOP.—5. THE GALLEY.—6. THE RECREATION ROOM.—7. A DORMITORY—DRESSING FOR DINNER.—8. THE PRIVATE STUDY ON LOWER DECK.—9. H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH" IN DOCK.—10. CHIEF OFFICER'S CABIN.—11. THE DINING ROOM.—12. H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH" AT SEA.—13. OFFICERS' CABIN.

H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH" SCHOOL FOR ENGINEERING STUDENTS, PORTSMOUTH



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—Alexandria having been restored to something like order, and further reinforcements of troops having arrived, Sir Archibald Alison has been enabled to extend his operations outside the city, to reconnoitre the position of Arabi and his army, and occupy strategic points in the neighbourhood. The British force now amounts to 3,686 men of the Line and 900 Marines, besides Artillery and Blue-jackets, and four 40-pounder siege guns have been landed. What Arabi's force is no one seems to know, but all accounts agree in stating that he has been joined by many thousands of natives eager for loot, and whom he has armed with rifles and old guns, which he appears to have taken away from Alexandria. He is said to have the bulk of his force at Rosetta and his artillery at Kafrdawar, and to be making one line of defence from the Millaha junction towards the north-west into the Behera province, and a second parallel to this, which starts from Kafrdawar, and is intended to cover Kafzayat. He is doing his utmost to excite the fanatical feelings of the people, and circulates absurd stories of his successes and the British defeats. At the close of last week he summoned a meeting of the Notables at Cairo, having previously issued a proclamation declaring that upon the evacuation of Alexandria the Khédive demanded soldiers from the English, who at his instigation slew all the troops who had remained. Moreover at night he and his harem remain afloat in the English ships, and at day he lands "to order the continual slaughter of the Moslems in the streets." The Notables, however, though urged to declare the practical deposition of the Khédive, and to proclaim a Holy War, were not unnaturally reluctant to join in what could not be called by any other name than pure and simple rebellion. Accordingly, to gain time, they proposed that a commission should be sent to Alexandria to inquire into the truth of Arabi's statements. Thus Ali Mourabek Pasha was sent, and having after some delay reached the Khédive, has remained with him as one of his chief advisers. Cairo itself is quiet, thanks to the firm attitude of the Governor, who represses all attempts at disorder. The inhabitants, however, are panic-stricken, and fear that, despite all this caution, Arabi may effect the destruction and plundering of the city. Thus, eighty thousand persons are camping out in the Esbekieh Gardens. Nor has the general alarm been lessened by the reports of terrible massacres in the interior. At Tantah some eighty-five Christians have been murdered, their bodies dragged about the streets, and their intestines flung against the windows. The women, and even children, seem to have taken part in the slaughter, and the scenes described resemble the worst excesses of the French Revolution. At Mehalla-el-Kebir, also, Christians have been murdered, and similar outrages are reported from Kafzayat and Damanhour.

Meanwhile the Khédive has at last issued a proclamation dismissing Arabi Pasha from his post, and holding up the British as the restorers of order. He declares that Arabi had been ordered to hold the forts and strengthen the defences after the bombardment; but, instead of this, had evacuated the city next day. Accordingly, the British troops landed without firing a shot. The Khédive then enters into a polemical argument that France and England have paramount interests in Egypt, and that the despatch of the combined fleet was consequent on the anarchy then reigning in Egypt and the undue usurpation of power by "a band of ambitious and lawless men, of whom Arabi is the chief." Intervention has been the natural sequence to this state of affairs, with the object, not of taking Egypt, but of restoring order. As for the reported outrages by British troops, the exact contrary is the truth, for they have put out the incendiary fires, and have arrested and punished the plunderers. A similar proclamation was addressed to the Colonels, but neither manifesto as yet appears to have produced the slightest effect. In Alexandria itself, as we have said, order is being restored, the ruins are being rapidly cleared away, so that the streets are now passable, the Governor, Omar Lufi Pasha, has been appointed Minister of War in the place of Arabi, a native police is being organised, and the inhabitants are returning. There is likely, however, to be a serious water famine, as Arabi has dammed the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, which supplies Alexandria with fresh water, and the amount available is rapidly diminishing. Arrangements are being made in the fleet for condensing large quantities, but it will be absolutely impossible to provide for the whole native population. The various incendiaries and plunderers arrested are being tried before a native Commissioner specially organised for the purpose. Lord Charles Beresford acts as Public Prosecutor, and the culprits have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, while two have been executed. The telephone connects the various British posts. There is some fear that Arabi may cut the banks of the Nile, which will shortly rise, and thus cause terrible inundations. Indeed, as it is the Nile will soon be out, so that large tracts will be flooded, and fever to which Europeans are especially susceptible will be rife.

To turn to military operations, Sir Archibald Alison sent a reconnaissance party to Ramleh on Saturday, and Captain Hutton made an expedition towards Millaha in order to blow up the railway line. Although opposed by Arabi's outposts he succeeded in his task without any casualties. Early on Monday Sir Archibald Alison, with 600 men and two fieldpieces, marched from Alexandria in order to secure an important position at Ramleh—the Waterworks Hill, a ridge situate about midway between the Mahmoudiyeh Canal and Moustapha Pasha Station. Curiously enough, this was the point occupied by General Abercromby at the Battle of Alexandria, and commands the approach to Arabi's lines. Indeed, the camp, five miles distant, can be easily seen from the intrenchments. The hill was occupied without any opposition, under Colonel Ashburnham, but shortly afterwards a small force of Arabi's cavalry, followed by infantry, appeared upon the scene, and a brisk fusillade ensued, when, as the enemy showed signs of making a more decided advance, our cavalry and guns were accordingly pushed forward. Finally, the enemy retired. The troops were then set to work to throw up entrenchments, and four 40-pounders were placed in position. From Waterworks Hill our lines run north-west to the Khédive's Palace on the borders of the sea at Mustapha Pasha Station. The highest praise is accorded on all sides to our men, whom *The Times* correspondent states to be working splendidly under a blazing sun with the greatest cheerfulness. The statement also that some British soldiers who were sent to protect the Khédive's palace at Ramleh had broken into his brother Mahmoud Pasha's apartments and looted the majority of his trunks is now proved to have been absolutely false. The looting was committed by some servants of the Khédive, who had entered the palace under cover of a pass from the Khédive himself. The Egyptians still hold the Aboukir forts under a flag of truce, but according to one of Arabi's officers, Lebib Bey, who has surrendered to the Khédive, the fortifications are being rapidly pushed forward. Indeed, Arabi is keeping ominously quiet, and is manifestly making preparations for a sturdy defence of his position.

Now that Turkey sees England actually in Egypt preparing for an invasion in force, and France bent upon despatching an expedition to aid in occupying the Suez Canal, the Porte has not only graciously condescended to enter the Conference, but also to

consent to the despatch of an expeditionary force. Thus, on Tuesday, after keeping the European delegates waiting for nearly two hours, Said Pasha and his colleague Assym Pasha made their appearance. The Presidency, according to diplomatic usage, was offered to Said Pasha, who, after accepting the honour, intimated that the Sultan, in the words of *The Times*, "was in principle not indisposed to undertake a military occupation, but that the conditions contained in the Identical Note would need to be reconsidered." The Conference accordingly met again next day, and deliberated for a long time, the situation having been somewhat complicated by Mr. Gladstone's assertion that the time for Turkish intervention is past. The popular feeling in Constantinople is far from hostile to Arabi, who is looked upon as an upholder of Islamism, and this, together with Arabi's threat to declare the deposition of the Sultan from the Caliphate and replace him by the Grand Sherif of Mecca, has doubtless much to do with the hesitation of the Porte to despatch troops against him.

The Egyptian crisis has naturally been almost the sole topic throughout Europe. GERMANY is as taciturn as usual, declaring that the two Western Powers can "gang their ain gait" so long as Teutonic interests are not touched. All the same, however, Prince Bismarck is very prominently announced to be carefully looking into the documents relating to the history of the past few months. AUSTRIA is by no means so placid, and is very much disposed to find fault. RUSSIA is particularly angry, and now asserts her rights to the Bosphorus as a makeweight to the British occupation of Egypt; while ITALY is exceedingly pleased at England's invitation conveyed by Sir Augustus Paget to Signor Mancini on Wednesday to co-operate with England and France in protecting the Suez Canal. Opinion, however, is divided as to the advisability of accepting the invitation, as a large party are afraid of upsetting the alliance with Germany and Russia. In INDIA every preparation has been made to despatch the troops at the shortest notice, and several detachments have already been sent to Aden. The strength of the expeditionary force will not exceed 5,500 men, and will include more cavalry than at first arranged, so as to render the force more mobile. Orders to mobilise the contingent were received on Tuesday.

In FRANCE the announcement that an expedition is to be sent to protect the Suez Canal has been qualified by M. de Freycinet's declaration on Saturday to the Senatorial Committee appointed to consider the credit demanded some time since of 313,000*l.*, that the French would not go to Cairo, and that should fresh action be necessary during the recess Parliament would be at once summoned to give its consent. In order to meet the expense of the proposed expedition the Minister of Marine on Monday asked for a fresh credit of 376,000*l.* This it was stated would enable the Marine Department to keep in Egypt, if necessary, a force of 8,000 men. It is proposed to despatch immediately to Port Said and El Kantarah a force of 4,000 men. The Squadron is to be placed under Vice-Admiral Thomasset. The proposition was warmly debated by the Committee appointed to consider it on Wednesday, and the Committee decided to report against it, though for what specific reason no one appeared to know. As may be imagined, the smallness of the force and the restricted sphere of action accorded to the troops has excited no small amount of criticism on the part of the Gambettist faction, who scoff at M. de Freycinet's timidity. "On the Suez Canal," cries the *République Française*, "we shall carry out the English alliance; on the Nile we shall tell perfidious Albion, *Nescio vos* We wager that the English single-handed will pacify Egypt with from 10,000 to 15,000 soldiers. We shall see them at it; that will not cost us anything—well, not much. Only the definite ruin of the French in Egypt, the destruction of our own influence in that country, and lastly, a formidable revolt in our African possessions." M. de Freycinet's apologists point out that England is secure from invasion at home, while France is particularly vulnerable to attacks from foreign Powers. Consequently, while no one will think of retaliating upon England, there would be a combination against France should she venture to indulge in isolated action. If the Conference had only delegated France to restore order, her Prime Minister would have been delighted to send a whole army. The Conference, however, did not see fit to do this, and accordingly France must not be too venturesome. Language like this is not wholly soothing to French vanity, and these arguments instead of allaying the irritation against M. de Freycinet, are rapidly bearing M. Gambetta back to the direction of affairs.

Turning to purely home matters, there is literally nothing to chronicle, save that the Chamber, last week, averted the threatened Ministerial crisis by a practical vote of confidence in the Ministry.

RUSSIA.—The firm repression of the Anti-Semitic agitation, undertaken by the Minister of the Interior, has already borne fruit by stopping the flood of Jewish emigration. Moreover, the Jews are even beginning to return to Russia, and arrangements have been made to bring back 400 refugees daily from Austria, until 6,000 have returned. Count Tolstoi's administration, however, is not so well appreciated by the Nihilists, who have sent the Czar notice to dismiss the Minister within a month, and to adopt more Liberal measures. The town of Radziewilow, near Brody, has been burnt down, leaving 3,000 persons homeless. The Russians and Chinese have come into collision in Kuldja, where, when the Chinese troops entered the territory, they robbed, and severely ill-treated the Muscovite merchants. The Russian officers objected, and a serious conflict was only averted with difficulty.

UNITED STATES.—The immigration question is the most prominent home topic, as Congress has passed the Immigration Bill recently altered according to President Arthur's views, while the Chinese Exclusion Bill comes into practice next week, and coolies are accordingly being shipped to San Francisco as fast as possible, before the measure becomes law. On the other hand, many Celestials are leaving the country, and it has been decided that the coming Bill will not even allow of the Chinese crossing the States on their way to Cuba. The other immigrants—the Jewish refugees—are also giving much trouble, and a considerable number have been shipped back to Europe. The President of the Jewish Committee at Philadelphia declares that these immigrants have already cost their countrymen in the States so much money that they cannot afford to relieve any more. He accordingly sends a number of the most destitute back in order to prevent any further being despatched, as to do otherwise "would be to multiply the starving wretches during the approaching winter." The Americans are much concerned at the decline of their shipping, and have petitioned Congress for a Committee to investigate the cause of the decrease. Parliament will also have to consider the subject of the Nicaragua Canal, the Bill incorporating the Company asking for a Government subsidy and the guarantee of the dividends for a certain term, in return for the full control of the canal. The depth of the cutting would be 28 feet, with a width of 150 feet, the locks being 100 feet long.—An unfortunate engagement has taken place between a detachment of American troops and some renegade Indians at Cheron Fork, Arizona. The military were defeated, and had one man killed and seven wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GERMANY is again credited with designs on Luxemburg, it being stated that negotiations are likely to be entered on with the King of the Netherlands for the entry of the Grand Duchy into the Empire. The Grand Ducal Family are meanwhile selling their property. Berlin has been greatly alarmed by a fatal case of Asiatic cholera having occurred at one of the suburban hospitals. Herr Wagner's new opera, *Parsifal*, was brought out with great success on Wednesday at Bayreuth.—SPAIN has been excited by an attempt to kill Señor Sagasta by

means of an infernal machine sent to the Premier by post in the form of a book. The attempt was discovered in time, but the machine was so clumsily contrived that it would probably have proved harmless.—In HOLLAND the missing monitor, *Adder*, has been found keel uppermost near Scheveningen, and many bodies have been recovered. No such catastrophe has occurred in the Dutch Navy for fifty-five years.—In AFGHANISTAN the Turcomans have made a serious raid on Herat.—VICTORIA is rejoicing in unusual financial prosperity. The revenue shows a handsome surplus, and several taxes are to be reduced—notably on tea, beer, and postage. The crops promise well, and labour is in great request.—In SOUTH AFRICA the news from Zululand continues very unsatisfactory. Many of John Dunn's people are deserting, declaring that Dunn has appropriated the taxes collected for the Queen, while Undabuka has attacked Oham, killed a number of his people, and put the chief to flight. Nor has the news of Cetewayo's departure mended matters, the Zulus now considering his restoration certain. The Western tribes have acknowledged the supremacy of the Transvaal Government, and in Basutoland the chief, Masupha, has agreed to meet General Gordon, declaring that he desires peace, although he will not accept the *status quo ante*.



THE QUEEN has been joined in the Isle of Wight by two of her grandchildren, the Princesses Sophie and Margaret, youngest daughters of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, who arrived at the end of last week, after visiting Prince and Princess Christian. On Saturday Her Majesty received a deputation from the inhabitants of East Cowes, to present a congratulatory address on the Queen's escape from assassination, and the Duke of Albany's marriage, while in the evening Captain Thomson, of the *Victoria and Albert*, joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Osborne before Her Majesty and the Princesses Beatrice, Sophie, and Margaret, by the Rev. G. Connor, who, in the evening, dined with the Queen, and on Monday the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. Her Majesty held a Council on Monday, attended by Lord Carlingford, Earls Sydney and Kimberley, and Mr. Childers, where, after the Queen had given audience to Mr. Bright to receive back the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster, Her Majesty presented them to Lord Kimberley, who was sworn in as Chancellor of the Duchy. The Queen also gave audience to Lord Carlingford and Mr. Childers, and to Mr. Morier, the British Minister at Madrid. Her Majesty will not leave for Scotland before August 22.—The Queen has sent a letter of condolence to the widow of Mr. Shannon, the warrant officer killed on board the *Inflexible*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have left town for the season. On Saturday the Prince was present at the marriage of Colonel Owen Williams with Miss Nina Sinclair, and later accompanied the Princess and daughters to Lady Holland's garden party. Next morning the Royal party attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Prince and Princess Christian dined at Marlborough House, while afterwards the Princess of Wales went down to Goodwood to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon for the races. The Prince remained in town to be present at the Egyptian debate in the House of Commons, where he sat in the Peers' Gallery, and on Tuesday joined the Princess at Goodwood, the Royal party being present at the races on the following days. To-day (Saturday) they go to Cowes, and take up their quarters on board the *Osborne*, in which they will go down Channel to meet Princes Albert Victor and George in the *Bacchante*, on their return after an absence of nearly two years. Next month the Prince goes to Carlsbad for the waters, and thus will not be able to attend the Welsh National Eisteddfod.—It is stated that Prince Albert Victor will receive a commission in the Norfolk Militia.

The Duke of Edinburgh in command of the Reserve Squadron left Portland with his vessels on Monday for Spithead, firing a Royal salute as they passed Osborne. The vessels remain temporarily at Spithead.—The Duke of Connaught has been appointed to the command of the First or Guards' Brigade in the Expeditionary Forces for Egypt. He leaves shortly in the *Orient*, and the Duchess will go to Malta to remain during her husband's absence. Tuesday was the Duchess's twenty-second birthday.—Princess Christian has presented to the English Church at Pontresina an altar cloth, worked under her direction at the Royal School of Art Needlework.—The Duchess of Albany on Saturday made her first appearance in public since her marriage, when, accompanied by the Duke, she presented the prizes to the Volunteers at Wimbledon.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne will visit Victoria next September.

The Duchess of Cambridge kept her eighty-fifth birthday on Tuesday, when she received congratulatory letters and presents from the Queen and Royal Family, and numerous visits.—The baby daughter of the Czar and Czarina was christened with great ceremony on Sunday at Peterhof, being named Olga after her aunt, the Queen of Greece, who was present with the King and the Danish Crown Prince.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE, the Right Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, was consecrated in Durham Cathedral on Tuesday by the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of Ely, St. Alban's, Winchester, Carlisle, Manchester, Liverpool, and Durham. Canon Basil Wilberforce, brother of the new Bishop, preached the sermon, and offertories were taken in aid of the cathedral church of Newcastle. The service was attended by an immense congregation, including 400 of the Diocesan clergy, and the Mayors and Corporations of Durham and Newcastle, who wore their robes of office.

THE RIGHT REV. C. J. BRANCH, for some years Archdeacon of Antigua, was on Tuesday consecrated Bishop Coadjutor of Antigua. The ceremony took place in the Chapel at Lambeth Palace, and was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of London, Rochester, Antigua, and Barbadoes, and the ex-Bishop of the last-named See. Bishop Mitchinson preached, and the offertory was in aid of the Funds of the Diocese of Antigua.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH, the Right Rev. J. T. Pelham, has just completed the twenty-fifth year of his episcopate, and the clergy of the Diocese to commemorate the event have presented him with his portrait painted by Mr. Oulless, R.A.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC SEE.—On Tuesday, at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, Cardinal Manning, assisted by Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, and the Right Rev. Dr. Weathers, titular

Bishop of Ameyla, consecrated the Right Rev. Monsignor Vertue as Bishop of Portsmouth, which was erected into a see of the Roman Catholic Church by a recent rescript of the Pope. The ceremony was witnessed by a large congregation, among whom were a number of the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the new Diocese.

A PILGRIMAGE of about fifty Roman Catholics started on Thursday from Nottingham under the leadership of the Very Rev. Canon Monaghan to visit St. Winifred's Well in Wales, there to pray for the restoration to health of the infant Earl of Arundel and Surrey, the only child of the Duke of Norfolk.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—"General" Booth having made an affidavit that he intends to use the Grecian Theatre only as a meeting-house, and that he is in negotiation with a firm of brewers to take the Eagle Tavern off his hands, Mr. Justice Kay has declined to grant an injunction restraining him from using the tavern in such a way as to endanger the renewal of the wine and spirit licence. The purchase of the place has not, however, been completed.



MR. EDWIN BOOTH has exchanged the part of Cardinal Richelieu in the late Lord Lytton's play for that of Bertuccio in *The Fool's Revenge*. This is perhaps the finest, and is certainly the most elaborate of that round of impersonations in which this distinguished actor appeared in London on the occasion of his previous visit. The play, as is well known, is a version, by the late Mr. Tom Taylor, of Victor Hugo's powerful but somewhat repulsive drama, *Le Roi s'amuse*, familiar in this country in the shape of the libretto of the opera of *Rigoletto*. Mr. Taylor softened down much of the violence of the original, and it has even been claimed for him that he produced in so doing a piece which might be fairly considered original. Less indulgent critics, however, have with some reason pointed out that the character of the jester, who is swayed both by a tender and all-sorbing love for his daughter, and a misanthropic and malignant contempt for the heartless profligates of the Court of his master, is simply the bold creation of the French poet, while all that is dramatic in the story and situations of the English play is, in like manner, due to the same great and fertile invention. However this may be, Mr. Booth finds in the part of Bertuccio opportunities for a rendering which differs very considerably from the recognised interpretation of Victor Hugo's Triboulet. The most remarkable feature in his performance is the elaboration which the actor gives to the Court side of the jester's life and character, his incessant activity, his grotesque movements, his ready tongue, his chartered liberty of speech and action. Thus he attains, with a true artistic sense, a series of powerful but not obtrusive contrasts, and prepares the mind of the spectator for the tragic climax. Those who have not seen Mr. Booth's Bertuccio should certainly pay a visit to the ADELPHI. The play is altogether well acted. It is understood that before the close of the season Mr. Booth will appear as Don César de Bazan at a special morning performance.

Mr. and Mrs. Billington have made their appearance at TOOLE'S Theatre in a revival of Mr. Paul Merritt's *Rough and Ready*—a drama in which these two performers have often played both in London and the provinces. The piece is somewhat conventional in story and treatment; but it shows Mr. Billington to great advantage in the character of a rough honest Yorkshireman—a type which, in the days of the older Emery, appeared to have taken permanent possession of our stage.

THE LYCEUM season closes this evening with Mr. Irving's benefit. *Romeo and Juliet* will then be performed for the last time, at least for the present; but the distinctive feature of the occasion will of course be Mr. Irving's speech, reviewing the past, and probably in some degree foreshadowing the future.

MADAME RISTORI gives a farewell performance at DRURY LANE this afternoon, when she will appear as Elizabeth, Queen of England, and also as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, playing in both cases in English.

GLOBE.—In *The Vicar of Bray*, Mr. Sydney Grundy, without displaying any great originality, has produced a comic opera of fairly average merit, which is pretty certain to find favour amongst lovers of this class of entertainment. Perhaps in more than one instance there is a rather too forcible reminder of popular comic operas of recent years; but in spite of this, Mr. Grundy's effort, aided as it was by the good all-round acting of Miss Maria Davis, Miss Lizzie Beaumont, and Messrs. W. J. Hill, H. Cooper Cliffe, W. S. Penley, and Walter H. Fisher (who entered thoroughly into the spirit of their respective characters), proved a legitimate success. The music, by Mr. Edward Solomon, is unpretentious but pleasing, though partaking somewhat of the æsthetic. A word of praise must be accorded to the juvenile members of the chorus of school children, whose perfect naturalness on the stage met with hearty and deserved recognition.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season came to an end on Saturday night, the opera closed for the occasion being *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Rosina. There was a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The other leading parts were sustained by Signors Nicolini, Cotogni, Scolari, and Corsi. In the "Lesson Scene" Madame Patti introduced "Ermani involami," from Verdi's well-known early opera, and (as of long-established custom) "Home, Sweet Home," for an encore—both of which compositions, unlike as they are to each other, would have astonished Dr. Bartolo, and indeed are altogether, in a legitimately dramatic sense, out of place. Rossini himself would hardly have tolerated either, the absolutely perfect singing of Madame Patti in each instance notwithstanding. There has been nothing new to speak of since our last notice of Mr. Gye's theatre. Madame Albani selected Boito's *Mefistofele* for her so-called "Gala-night;" Madame Patti, *La Traviata* for hers, both passing off as usual and attended with the accustomed distribution of whole gardens of flowers, wreaths, &c., enough for half-a-dozen triumphant conquerors, &c. About these exceptional manifestations, however, the public are becoming extremely sceptical; and it would by no means weaken the impression created by a really fine performance if they were virtually abolished. The season, on the whole, has been much more successful than was anticipated, and the newly-formed Company ("limited") has had no cause in reason to complain of the management of Mr. Gye, who had to contend with such formidable rivalry in the shape of Wagnerian opera by Wagnerian artists in the Wagnerian tongue. He has made excellent use of the rich and varied repertory always at his command, has produced a new opera, the *Velleda* of M. Lenepveu, which obtained, and certainly merited, a *succès d'estime*, and brought back once more to London that eminent favourite, Madame Pauline Lucca, besides

presenting his own versions of Bizet's *Carmen*, the most universally admired opera of recent days, and *Mefistofele*, "the new Faust," as it is now the fashion to style it, both of which afforded unqualified satisfaction to his patrons and supporters. Further details are unnecessary, all the performances of the somewhat brief season having been referred to at the time of their occurrence; and, with a mere acknowledgment of the zealous and able manner in which the two conductors, Signor Bevignani and M. Dupont, have performed their very responsible duties, we may bid "adieu" to the Royal Italian Opera until 1883.

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—Herr B. Pollini of Hamburg has addressed a letter to the Vienna *Presse*, and other papers, disclaiming all pecuniary responsibility in connection with the recent disastrous failure of the German Opera speculation in Drury Lane Theatre. That the performances under Herr Richter, except in the instance of Weber's *Euryanthe*, were excellent, is admitted on all sides; but that the idea of Wagner's operas being likely to attract large audiences at three different theatres, during the interval of less than as many months, was illusive has been proved to the satisfaction of those who instituted them, Mr. Carl Rosa having been a considerable loser by the season; Herr Neumann, with his *Ring des Nibelungen*, returns to Germany with a purse all the less weighty for his London enterprise; and Herr Franke is compelled to call his creditors together, for a purpose unnecessary to explain. What now is to be said of the loud flourish of trumpets announcing that the Wagnerian millenium was at hand—that Wagner's drama was to stand henceforth as the only form of opera—and that the whole atmosphere of theatrical music was to be freshened, cleared, and purified for the benefit of us all? The whole scheme has been blown to the winds.

WATFS.—Madame Christine Nilsson, previous to her departure for the United States, is taking the waters at Harrogate. Her first concert in America is to be given at Boston, in October.—The Hamburg operatic season is to commence with a German version of Glinka's Russian opera *Life for the Czar*, with Dr. Hans von Bülow, according to general report, as conductor.—The Municipality at Nice has been authorised by the Government to contract a loan of 5,000,000 francs for building a new theatre, to replace that not long ago destroyed by fire.—Under the title of *Notas Musicales y Literarias*, a new art-journal has been started at Barcelona.—The performance in the Teatro Ristori, of Verdi's *Ermani*, at Verona, in aid of the proposed monument to Garibaldi, brought 10,125 lire, which, after deducting for expenses, left a nett profit of 3,741 lire—less than was hoped for, but more than was expected by all except enthusiastic worshippers of the departed Patriot-hero.—Algiers is also to have its new theatre, the Municipal Council having voted an adequate sum for the purpose. It is earnestly desired that the projected building may be furnished with the precautions for the comparative safety of the public under such an unforeseen, though never improbable, calamity as fire. In these the old theatre, according to general testimony, was materially deficient.—Madame Adelina Patti has gone to Paris, but returns very shortly, intending to pass the interval between now and her second visit to the United States (where she has an important engagement to fulfil with Mr. Mapleson), at her picturesquely situated castle of Craig-y-Nos, South Wales.—The King of Italy has conferred the order of Knight Commander of the Iron Crown of Italy upon the Chevalier G. T. Cimino, the well-known poet and dramatic author.—Sig. Schira, in conjunction with Mr. Desmond Lumley Ryan, is engaged in the composition of a *buffo* opera, which is to be a *quasi-burlesque* on the Wagnerian system of dramatic music. It will be looked forward to with interest.

DUBLIN PREPARING FOR ITS EXHIBITION

DUBLIN is the same as of old, with a difference. For those who have not seen it for years, there are the O'Connell (late Carlisle) Bridge, the trams, and the electric light—not, alas! for general illumination, but marking the grocer-whisky-sellers' shops, already too well known to those to whom they are such a curse. Then there is Christ Church Cathedral, no longer shored up with wooden props, but as spick and span as Lichfield itself; and there is St. Patrick's, with its floor up, despite its so recent restoration, and some 2,000l. to be spent on getting rid of the water which will invade it. As one looks round these two cathedrals, one can't help feeling what a splendid opportunity was lost of giving an impulse to Irish manufacturers. They are not so bad as the new market, built by an English contractor, who not only used English bricks, but English bricklayers. The new marbles in Christ Church are Cork red, and Connemara green, and Carlow grey, and Kilkenny black; but that is all. The glass is by Hardman, except a little by Clayton and Bell; the woodwork by Cambridge men; the tiles English; the gaseliers English; the very cushions of the rush chairs stamped "London and Birmingham." It is truly sad; for the flooring of two cathedrals would have sufficed to start a tile manufactory. If they could not undertake it at Belleek, if there was no other way, I (had I been the Irish Church) would have done it myself. For good tiles, of good church patterns, there is always a market. I should have kept the money in Ireland, and should have set going an industry which would have helped to keep the country from the wretched fate of becoming simply England's cattle-farm. Better a tile manufactory than any number of pamphlets on the pre-Roman Church, or any amount of discussion as to whether "most religious and gracious" should be left out in the Revised Prayer-Book, and such like. But of this curse of other-worldliness more by and by; now, for the one other new thing, if you except the ever-growing suburbs—for Dublin, too, imitating what in London is least worth imitation, begins to live out of town. This is the far from finished Exhibition building adjoining the Rotunda, in Rutland Square, that square of grand red brick mansions broader than in Bloomsbury or Mayfair, and with loftier rooms and finer staircases, yet now of three mansions one is "Houlahan, Mineral Water Dépôt," the next is tenanted by a pianoforte seller, and the next is "to be let or sold." I see nothing else new in Dublin, save here and there an assurance that the wares sold are native manufacture. And this is only here and there; if Callaghan in Dame Street shows a window full of Blarney tweed, Hyam, almost next door, displays the ordinary fabrics sold by his brethren in London. The ladies are, I fear, sadly unpatriotic. They will sing "the sweet songs of their own native land"—perhaps, if they happen to suit their voice; but salesmen would not announce their return from London with immense stocks of cheap and fashionable rubbish—such as Langtry hats, the very name of which should make an Irish girl rather go bareheaded than wear one—if Irishwomen went in steadily and determinedly for home manufacture. I wonder if they'll listen to a zealous draper who wants them to trim their dresses on the 15th with green poplin instead of a "foreign ribbon."

The old in Dublin is as it was. Everywhere, almost, the well-remembered contrast between the palace and hovel. This is "Constitution Hill," tumbledown houses swarming with ragged barefoot children, the lower storeys mostly turned into shops that ring the changes on cabbages and red herrings, or "fruit and timber" (potatoes and lucifer matches), and just opposite, in its fine grounds, the lordly Probate Office, belonging to a time when the Ionic pilasters to those wretched houses aforesaid were not a dismal mockery. Inexpressibly sad are streets like the two Dominick Streets, windows seemingly not cleaned since the Union, paint-less doors, grim as old Spitalfields and grimy as the grimeiest parts of Soho; and amid it all, striving to keep neat and also earn a good report from the stranger, two or three

very fair hotels. Sadder still the Liberty, and that ruinous St. Michael's Hill, across which is thrown the arched passage from Christ Church to its senate house, as if the Church had no part or lot in the ragged misery around it. Here it is that I would set Mr. Tuke at work. Far better surely to starve in Connemara than fester in such a neighbourhood as this. But why Mr. Tuke? Why cannot the moneyed zeal which has restored two Protestant Cathedrals, and has built half-a-dozen cathedral-like Catholic churches, look around, and once more open its purse-strings, and take these boys, so good now and intelligent and loveable, and these sadly sweet-faced girls who'll soon be old enough for ruin of body and soul, and apprentice them to Canadian farmers, or train them for service? Why not do something to prevent those whom a modern St. Augustine might well call *angeli* from growing up into what it makes one's heart bleed to look at?

That's what I meant by the curse of other-worldliness. One sees it at work hereabouts only too clearly. Here is a people full of faith; all sects really believing in their religion. In country villages the Protestants troop to church through drenching rain with a zeal never found among their English brethren. In a big Catholic chapel in the Dublin slums, at half-past six A.M., you'll have three congregations for three separate masses. Pale and washed-out looking, the artisan on his way to work getting prayers instead of porridge; the charwoman or fruit-hawker, shawl over head; the neat faded young needle-woman; the *gamin* and his sister quite subdued to the scene, worshipping intensely as the little bell tinkles; even the poor girl who slips in late, and looks as if she'd been last night up at the Phoenix with the soldiers. How earnest they all are, how they all hate "godless education"—they, the worst educated of all people, and politicians quarrelling how they shall be taught, and English Protestants howling against "Popish" schools, and Catholics taking up the cry which the Protestants began, and shouting: "Better no school at all than those which the priest does not manage." Faith enough to remove mountains; but not the sort of faith which will get rid of places like Plunket Street or St. Michael's Hill. You meet a Protestant dignitary, a courteous highly-educated gentleman, and you find he looks on this landlord-and-tenant business, which is really the inevitable outcome of rack-rent and voter-breeding and absenteeism and Encumbered Estates Acts giving freescopes to the heartless land-jobber, as part of a great plot to improve him and all Protestants off the land by a second 1641 if need be. How bitter he is against the Government "for being blind to all the mischief that Popery is quietly and unsuspectingly working, using the Parnellites and the 'Patriot' priests just to keep the people in hand, but caring no more for Land League than for Landlords, bent on the one object of clearing the isle of heretics and having it all to itself—government, education, and everything." "By and by," he adds, "England will be on her back with her hands tied behind her, and will have to fight with her teeth, because she has lost Ireland through working against her friends." Yet he is a patriot, and says that nothing galls him so much as the English sneer about "them Irish" (speaking as he thinks 'Arry would), and withal he is a man of sound sense, for he holds that concurrent endowment is the panacea, and that not granting it is the biggest of all the big blunders the English have made in trying to govern a country they never try to understand. "Ineffectual man," Carlyle would have called him, who could not get his church-tithes made in his own country.

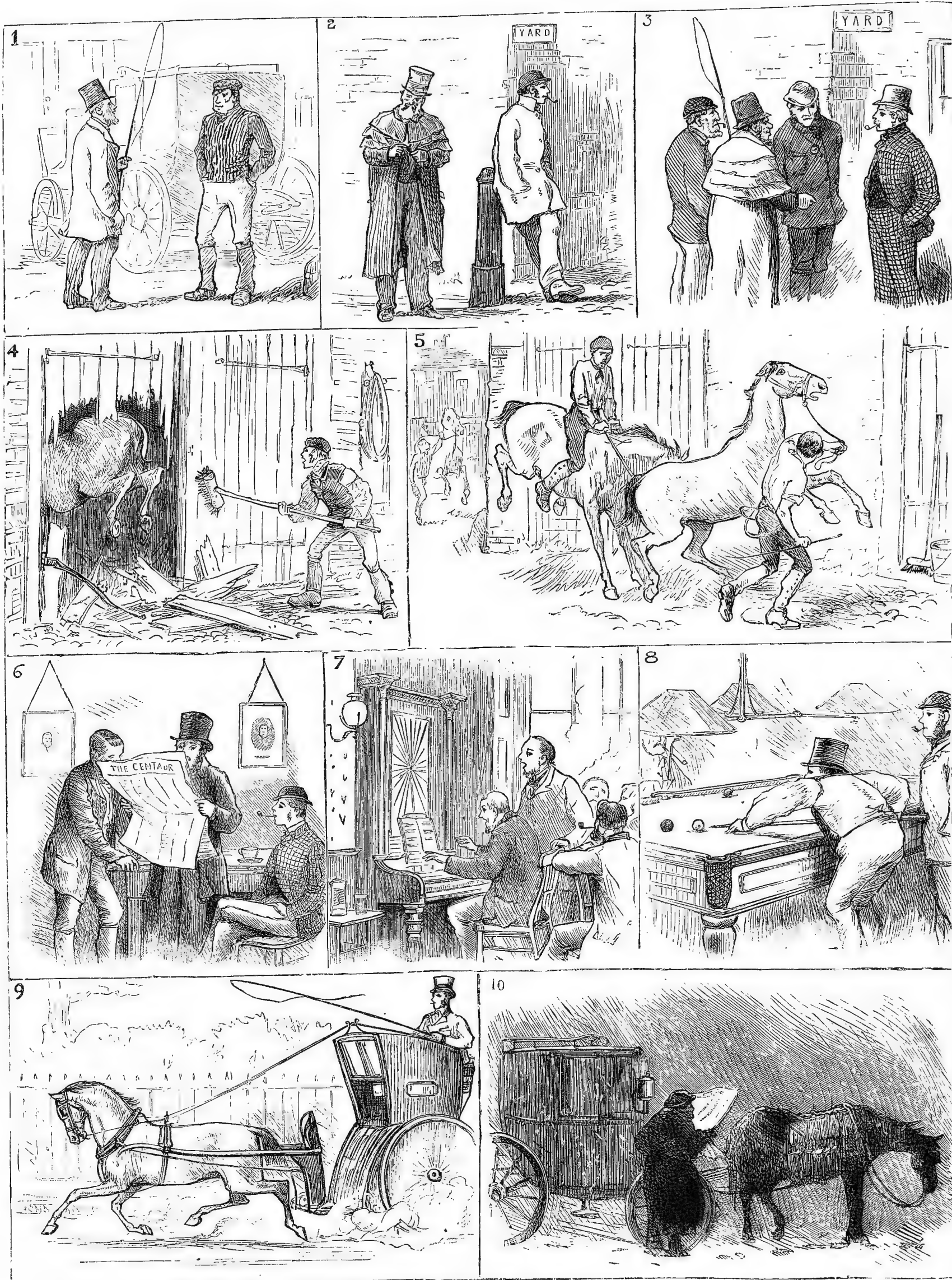
Pass on, and between the two Cathedrals mark those two women, one old, wrinkled as only an old "neolithic" woman can be, squatting, shawl over head, back against wall; the other young, not fair (very little beauty in the Dublin streets), stands in the gutter trimming lettuce. They, too, are on theology. "It's His own plain words," says the younger. "No; if you're not in the Church you can't be saved," retorts the elder, unshaken as the wall she leans against. *Faire son salut*, that is her one idea, her one consolation for the sweet mountain air out of which, when a child, she was evicted: "and have to live in this basty hole, yer honour, me and the childer, for I've brought up five of them, let alone them that's dead and buried, rest their souls; and sure yer honour wouldn't grudge me the drop now and then just to keep out the stinks that aren't fit for a pig to live amongst!" And so she makes the best of both worlds; and as for her children, unless some one would put them bodily into good hands in a colony, perhaps they're as well off where they are as they would be in a tenement-house in New York, or in some vile den in Quebec. But the Exhibition? Well, opinions are divided. Some say, "It will be a nine days' wonder, and serve them right, for the Land League only made it a peg for dissension." Some think half America will pour over, and give fabulous prices for Dublin knickknacks, and doing away in that one case with Protection, will give orders for frieze enough to keep a hundred mills going full time. The mischief is that with so many Irishmen it is the mode to cry down their own belongings. I'm lunching at Thompson's, in Westmoreland Street; my *vis-à-vis* is recommending a holiday trip to his comrade so emphatically that I can't help hearing:—"Six shillings a day, and such lots of society. Go there, I tell you, if you want to enjoy yourself." I venture to ask where is this economical Paradise. "It's at Douglas, in the Isle of Man." "But you're an Irishman?" "Yes." "And you desert your own country?" "There are no hotels in Ireland, no comfort, no society. You'll meet more pleasant people in a week over there than you'd meet in all Ireland in a year." "You know Roche's, at Glangarriff, or Greystones in Wicklow, or Gweedore in Donegal?" "No; I never go anywhere in Ireland, and never will." I didn't ask if he was a Protestant; but I could not help feeling that if those who think and act like him could be eliminated, the remnant would have a better chance of success and prosperity. Those earnest and true men who, like the promoters of this Exhibition, are disinterestedly working day and night, are heavily handicapped by such anti-Irish Irishmen. And, alas, they are many. At breakfast next morning I sat next to a well-to-do young Westmeath farmer. He'd had rheumatism, and had gone to Buxton, when Lisdoonvarna was three hours off. "It was so much pleasanter in England." Of his duty to his country it was hopeless to try and inspire him with a thought. *Divide et impera* has been England's motto; and she has succeeded. They are a divided people; and their divisions are even more ruinous than their other-worldliness.

H. S. FAGAN



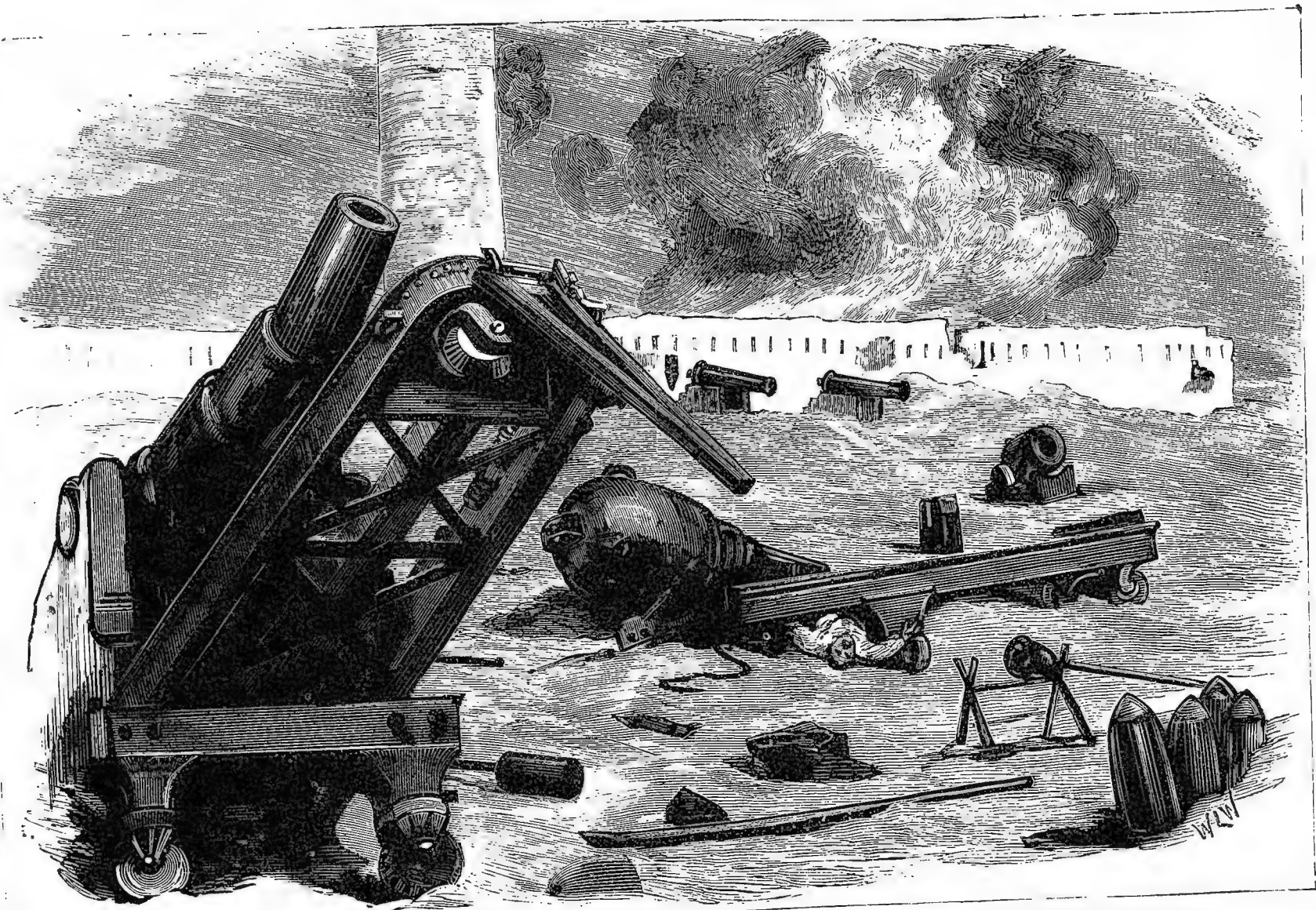
THE TURF.—Goodwood, as usual, sounded the tocsin of the London season, though a fortnight ago a large exodus of society had taken place, many probably having in view a second season when Parliament reassembles in the autumn. Of late years there has been somewhat of a decadence in the glories of the Goodwood meeting, but little complaint could be made of the programme set forth this week, or the carrying out of the greater portion of it. Tuesday's racing was certainly far better than that of the opening for some years past, the fields being large and showing considerable quality. In the Craven Stakes, Boswell turned the tables on Charaxus, his Kempton Park conqueror, and backers began badly; though they recovered their losses on Leonora in the Gratwicke Stakes, and on Knight of Burgley in the Sweepstakes

(Continued on page 118)

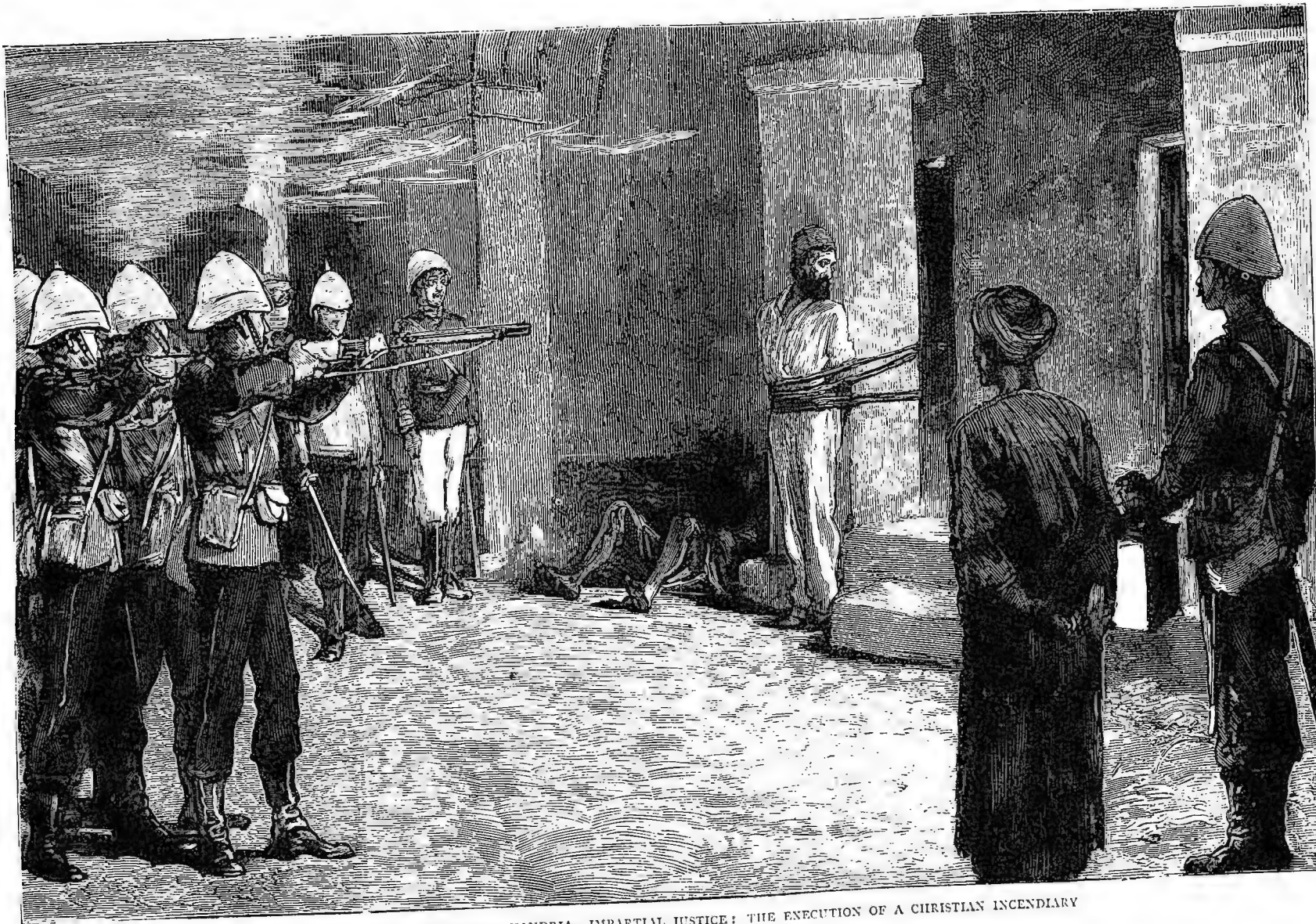


1. Not Settled Up.—2. Pickets On.—3. Mumpers and Lurchers.—4. Result of a Week in Stable.—5. Exercising Horses.—6. Reading the *Centaur*.—7. A Little Music.—8. A Game at Billiards.—9. A One Number Man.—10. Night Work : Killing Time in the Suburbs.

NOTES DURING THE RECENT LONDON CAB STRIKE



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA—THE EFFECT OF THE SHELLS FROM H.M.S. "SUPERB" AND "INFLEXIBLE" ON THE GUNS IN PORT PHAROS



THE NAVAL OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA—IMPARTIAL JUSTICE: THE EXECUTION OF A CHRISTIAN INCENDIARY

THE WAR IN EGYPT

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"It is for you, Mr. Christopher," said Lucy.

KIT-A MEMORY

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &C.

CHAPTER IX.

AN INTERRUPTED GAME

WHILE Mrs. Medway—like a skilful lawyer from not too willing witnesses—was collecting corroboratory evidence of the wisdom of her own conclusions, her “young people”—in which term she was wont to include Frank and the Garstons, as though they had been her own belongings—were prosecuting their lawn tennis at the Knoll, as though life depended on their exertions.

When I watch folks at that pastime, who have any claim to be considered proficient, or, as the phrase goes, who "rather fancy themselves" at it, I sometimes wonder whether any other occupation in the world was ever pursued with the like vigour and intensity. One half such a spirit thrown into business matters would make a man a millionaire; or, if it took him in what may be called "the other direction" (towards devotion), would set him up in good practice as a saint. Frank was not quite so agile as Kit, but had a longer reach. Maud was not so quick on her legs as Trenna, but was more skilful. A better match than Frank and Trenna, *versus* Kit and Maud, it was impossible to imagine.

Maud, it was impossible to imagine.

Mark, with a book in his hand, watched them dreamily from his window and envied their enthusiasm, which, at the same time, it wearied him to witness. Could it be the same blood, he wondered, that was bounding through his sister's veins, mounting in roses to her cheeks, and inspiring her to those feats of grace and swiftness, as stagnated in his own? Was it possible that Frank and Kit, with all that skill and *elan*, were really the contemporaries of such an one as himself, buried in books, living in the past more than in the present, and without interest in human affairs? Of all the players Trenna attracted him the least, and this too he knew was a proof of his singularity and isolation. He saw that she was beautiful, as he saw the scene beneath him, and the garden, the wilderness, and the sea were beautiful; and yet in the pleasure which her beauty conferred on his own sex, and which in Frank Meade, for example, aroused the keenest admiration, and would sometimes fill his face like torch applied to torch with an answering glow, he had no share. Kit's voice was music to him, but Kit's sister's voice fell on his ear and touched no responsive chord. Was he made for friendship, then, and not for love? or was he even made for friendship? Kit and Frank were attached to him, he knew; but, as it seemed to him, without desert. Their affection for him was as irrational as his mother's idolatry. He saw himself a dreamer, inanimate and useless, a mere stick for others' tendrils.

this magic attracted his fellow-creatures. What is still more rare he combined considerable learning with great modesty. He had absolutely no egotism; the present was his first attack of self-consciousness, and it was therefore a severe one. His regrets that he could neither swim nor row were about as reasonable as though some devoted missionary should bewail his incompetency at five-card cribbage; but they were genuine nevertheless.

There are occasions when the student envies the athlete; not for his thighs and sinews, indeed, and still less for the feats he accomplishes with them, but for the succour and protection they enable him to afford to others; and this was one of them.

Mark did not grudge it to Kit that he owed his sister's life to him, nor was his weight of obligation to him less than when he had saved his own; but in this case there was a certain sense of humiliation. He had always thought himself the inferior of both his friends, but the reflection had never before pained him. How was it that they appreciated the mere joys of living—

The leaping from rock up to rock,
The cool silver shock
Of the pool's living waters,

while to him they were nought, and never had been? It was not that he was an old man before his time, but that he seemed to himself never to have been a man at all, nor a boy. How like boys they ran hither and thither with cunning hand and eye, struck the ball where they would, and enjoyed their own strength and skill! He watched them as some inmate of the cloister, doubtful of his calling and dissatisfied with his lot, might watch two worldlings at their play—and envied them.

As he did so, he saw Lucy, who fulfilled the duties of parlour-maid as well as of Maud's handmaid in their simple household, come out into the tennis-ground with a letter. For a few moments she stood there unnoticed, not liking to interfere with the game, but presently Trenna missed an easy ball. There was a storm of disapproval from her opponents, who were critics first and rivals afterwards. Frank was gallantly about to frame an excuse for his partner, when she exclaimed, "There is Lucy; there is something the matter."

Lucy, it was true, was looking towards Kit, with the letter in her hand, otherwise there was nothing to account for Trenna's exclamation. At the time no one thought anything of it; but one of the party had afterwards reason to remember it.

"It is for you, Mr. Christopher," said Lucy; "I was to ask, please, was there any answer?"

"Yes," Kit opened the letter, read it through in a flash,

and thrust it into his pocket. "I am afraid I must break up your game," he said; "I am wanted at home."

"What's the matter? Mr. Garston is not ill, I hope," said Maud.

"No; the governor is all right, thank you; it's a matter of business."

Here his eye fell on Lucy, a comely honest-looking country lass; the concern in the countenances of the others was visibly reflected on her face; anything that touched the family and their friends touched Lucy.

"Please, sir, it's Abel," she interposed. "Lor, Miss Trenna, how white you do look: shall I get you a glass of water?"

Notwithstanding her brother's assurance that their father was in the land of the living, she had turned deadly pale. To Lucy's pro-

health, Trenna indeed had turned deadly pale. To Lucy's proposal, however, she shook her head, keeping her eyes fixed on her brother.

"Tell Abel," continued Kit, "that I will come home at once. He must walk back, and I will take the mare."

"What nonsense. The horse can't carry double."

"No ; but the skiff can. Otherwise I shall row down alone."

Christopher Garston bit his lip ; it was rare indeed for his sister

Christopher Garston bit his lip; it was rare indeed for his sister to be so peremptory with him.

"I may help to prevent harm," she answered, meaningly.

It was curious that, throughout this conversation, which the brother and sister held apart, the former had not even alluded to the nature of the tidings he had just received. A glance full of

the nature of the tidings he had just received. A glance full of significance had flashed between them when Kit had said, "I am not at home" and no further explanation, it seemed, was

"My dear Maud" said Trenna, turning to her friend, "I must

"My dear Maud," said Trenna, turning to her friend, "I must go back with Kit, though I hope it will be only for an hour or so. The others are troubled at home," she added, in a low voice,

"and the presence of the oil is necessary."

Maud was too well acquainted with the state of domestic affairs at the Grey House, as Mr. Garston's residence was called, to

make any remonstrance; but Mark, whom the disturbance had brought down from his study, objected strongly, though, characteristically, he said nothing.

brought down from his study, objected strongly, characteristically enough, not so much to the departure of the young lady as to that of her brother.

Kit had run upstairs to change his clothes, but immediately on his return Mark had tackled him.

"Now you promised us, Kit," said he, with his hand upon the

other's shoulder, "you would stay with us the whole day. I have seen nothing of you since luncheon. If it is only a little breeze with the governor, let it blow over."

"But this is not a little breeze, Mark," answered Kit in a low tone; "it's a tornado."

"Good Heavens! What's the matter? Can I do anything?" His tone was eager, and even anxious. It was impossible to doubt the genuineness of his sympathy, the tenderness of his regard.

Perhaps it was the thought of the other's friendship, and of the simplicity with which his aid was offered, that caused Christopher Garston to hold out his hand, "You can do nothing, old fellow, thank you," he said. "Things may turn out better than one expects; and in that case I shall come over to-morrow."

"And if not?"

"Well, I shan't see you quite so soon."

"Then I shall come to Mogadion."

"No, Mark; at least not to the Grey House, unless you hear from me."

It was arranged, too, that Trenna's "things" should remain at the Knoll in case of her return.

The same evening there came a messenger—not Abel—with a little note.

"MY DEAR MAUD—I am sorry to say I cannot leave home till to-morrow. We are in trouble here; nothing of much consequence as concerns ourselves; but something which may affect others in whom you are interested. I will be with you in the morning; in the mean time say nothing of this."

"Yours ever,
TRENNA GARSTON."

It was very difficult to "say nothing of this." Maud's world was a very small one, and the phrase "others in whom you are interested" was terribly tantalising. Nevertheless she held her tongue.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE BOUDOIR

IN the morning, Trenna arrived at the Knoll according to promise; but it was not the same Trenna. She looked five years older; her olive cheeks were pale, and had that drawn, pinched look which is usually the result of protracted physical pain. Her eyelids were swollen from much weeping, and at the sight of Mrs. Medway and her daughter her tears welled forth anew.

"Don't let Mark see me just now," she said, an unwonted touch of vanity that went home to the two women's hearts.

"Come up to my boudoir," said Maud; "we shall there be safe from all intrusion."

A shiver passed over Trenna. "That will be making too much of matters," she objected; "your mother so seldom sits there; Mark will wonder."

"Mark will wonder?" echoed Maud with a ghost of a laugh. "Mark would not wonder if we sat on the roof top like sparrows."

"But the servants?"

"The servants are only Lucy. Lucy is one of ourselves so far as tale-bearing is concerned, and indeed, in other respects, she is the most honest, faithful creature."

"That is true," assented Trenna gravely.

So they went upstairs to Maud's boudoir; a gem of a room hung with water-colours by her own hand; one of them in a very pretty oaken frame carved by Trenna—her only accomplishment in the way of the fine arts. In a recess within double doors, also Trenna's handiwork, stood on an easel a portrait of Maud's father, very like her brother. "Mark has the same far-off look," she used to say, "as though he were in the world, but not of it;" a remark she would never have uttered had she known how it made her mother tremble. In a corner a small piano, on the table her favourite books in pretty bindings, "not too good for human nature's daily" handling. On the wall a dainty fishing rod, innocent of victims as a militiaman's sword; above it her racket. Every thing in this little apartment was a birthday gift, and spoke of love and friendship.

From the window you looked out on Dreamland; garden, and woodland, and the river winding hundreds of feet beneath it without sound or motion, and in the distance the blue sea, from which the summer wind brought a fresh message with every breath.

Gentle comes the world to those
Who are cast in gentle mould,

was the fit motto Trenna used to say to be written over Maud's boudoir door. Perhaps the place made a greater impression on her by reason of its contrast with her own room at the Grey House, which, but for a present or two from Kit and Maud herself, was bare enough. Upon this occasion however she noticed nothing but that the window was open. "May I shut it, Maud?" were her first words.

"Surely, my dear, if you feel cold."

"I am not cold, but what I have to say is at present a secret, and not a bird of the air must carry the matter."

The three sat down with grave faces, and Trenna told her tale. There had been a robbery at the Grey House; two hundred pounds in notes had been taken from Mr. Garston's desk.

It was unnecessary to dilate to her present audience on the late owner's state of mind; they knew him, and could therefore understand it. But that a robbery should have occurred at all astounded them.

"This is the first time," exclaimed Mrs. Medway, "that ever I heard of a thief in Mogadion; is it not possible that your father has mislaid the notes?"

Trenna shook her head, and indeed the next moment Mrs. Medway admitted to herself that her suggestion was a feeble one. Mr. Garston, senior, was liable to forgetfulness about some things, like other people; he habitually omitted to remember a debtor's circumstances; he would ignore his own promises (when they were not on paper), and confused Sundays and weekdays deplorably; but he was not a man to forget where he had put his money.

"Perhaps the parrot has taken it," Maud hazarded.

This bird was by rights a cockatoo, but answered affably, if you had a sweet biscuit between your finger and thumb, to the vulgar appellation "Poll." It was extremely fond of Trenna, over whom it would climb, and croak, and chuckle in the most engaging manner; but even she admitted it had some of the habits of the magpie.

"Poll has no taste for bank-notes," returned Trenna confidently; "and besides, he never ventures into papa's room. They cannot have gone without hands—human hands."

"But, Trenna, by whose hands?"

"That is just the question. Our servants are all Mogadion born, and respectfully connected. As I tell my father, neither Joan nor Mary would know what to do with one five-pound note, much more with forty."

"Has Mr. Garston the numbers of the notes?" inquired Mrs. Medway.

"No—yes—indeed, I have the list here." And she produced a slip of paper. "My father told me to show it to you."

"To me!" cried Mrs. Medway. "Lord bless me, my dear; nobody ever pays me a five-pound note. Quite the contrary. That is to say, I settle everything by cheque. It is to the last degree unlikely that one of them should come my way. Does he wish me to act as a detective?"

Mrs. Medway's tone was indignant. She liked Kit, and she liked Trenna; but, except that her son's friends were her friends, her

affections were personal. She was not one of those feeble folks whose likings are shaped by vicinity. She was on good terms with all her neighbours, but she reserved to herself the right of picking and choosing from her circle of acquaintances her friends. And Mr. Garston, senior, was still unspiced on the stem of acquaintanceship.

"I am very sorry," continued Trenna nervously; "I was afraid it would distress you, and Maud also; but you know how I am situated. Papa was imperative, and I had no choice. I was told to give you the list."

"But what am I to do with it, child?" inquired Mrs. Medway, regarding the slip of paper as if it were a County Court summons, or a writ. "Does he want me to frame and glaze it, and hang it up in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, pray don't laugh at me; and, still more, don't be angry with me, Mrs. Medway. Things are much worse than anything you can imagine. Papa thinks—that is, he doesn't know what to think—that it is Abel."

"Abel!" exclaimed both ladies together; "Abel Deeds!"

"Yes. I knew you would be shocked," continued Trenna in nervous quavering tones. "I am shocked myself. We are all shocked."

"Abel Deeds never stole those notes," said Mrs. Medway positively. "They are an honest family. I have known him from a boy. Do you suppose that Rachael Deeds can have a thief for a son?"

"And Lucy, too," put in Maud; "why it would break poor Lucy's heart even to think he could be suspected of such a thing. No, no, Trenna; you are wrong."

"I may be; I am, very likely. Good Heavens! do you suppose I want it to be Abel?"

Here she burst into tears, and rocked herself to and fro. "I wish I was dead," she murmured. "Oh Maud, Maud."

"My dear Trenna, pray calm yourself," said Maud gently. "Mamma knows—don't you, mamma?—that it is not your fault; that you have no alternative. But this comes upon us so suddenly, and is so shocking. It could hardly be worse if we ourselves were suspected of such a thing. Oh, my poor Lucy!"

"What makes your father suspect Abel, Trenna?" inquired Mrs. Medway. "I suppose he has some grounds for such an accusation."

"He makes no accusation, Mrs. Medway; that was what I was by all means to say—because—because—"

"Because to make a false charge would be libellous," suggested Mrs. Medway, in chilling tones.

"No, no; it isn't that. Pray bear with me. He said—my father said—that Maud was to be careful not to put Lucy on her guard. Not that Lucy knows anything about it," she added hurriedly; "only if she knew that Abel was in peril she might conceal things."

"I am quite sure that Lucy has nothing to conceal," said Maud.

"Not that she knows of at present, but she might know of it. The matter stands in this way. Very thoughtlessly, very foolishly, I mentioned how you had once shown me Lucy's savings the other day—the money her brother gave to her, and which you keep for her."

"You had no business to do that, Trenna," said Maud; "though to be sure you might retort that I had no business to show it to you. It was only, however, because it gave me such pleasure to be her banker."

"I have said that I was thoughtless and foolish to mention it," pleaded Trenna; "can I say more?"

"The question is, did you mention it in connection with this business?" observed Mrs. Medway, gravely. "If you did so it was cruel and unkind; there, there, I see you are sorry for it, my dear. Let us say no more."

"Sorry for it," cried Trenna, bitterly. "Yes, I am sorry for it. And yet I must say more. What papa wishes is that you should see for yourself, without saying a word about it, whether any of the missing notes are among Lucy's savings. You know you told me that Abel gave her something quite lately."

"I will not do it," said Maud, flatly. "Mr. Garston may look for them, if he pleases, but I will not do it."

"Yet if they are not there, dear Maud, no harm will be done. And if they are there—"

"I will lay my life they are not there, Trenna."

"My dear Maud, Trenna is right," put in Mrs. Medway, gravely. "She is only doing her duty, and it is not a pleasant one."

Trenna threw up her hands, as if in appeal to High Heaven itself. That she was deeply moved was certain, and yet there was an occasional exaggeration in her manner that was not altogether natural; she had, doubtless, pictured this scene to herself as she came along, and was, therefore, in some measure, prepared for it.

"Pleasant!" she repeated, in a pitiful voice. "Ah, if you could only read my heart."

"If Maud will not look in the box, I will," said Mrs. Medway; "only Lucy herself must be present. Do you agree to that, Trenna?"

"Yes, yes, everything. Only let us get it over."

Her face was white as the slip of paper she held in her hand, and which trembled in it like a gossamer.

"Then I will ring the bell for Lucy," said Mrs. Medway.

(To be continued)



"TRASEADEN HALL," by Major-General W. G. Hamley (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is chiefly interesting for its pictures of the Peninsular War. These are given not only with adequate spirit but, as will be expected from the name of the author, with a fidelity to fact and a wide knowledge of the subject that make them valuable as contributions to popular military history. The whole period, in its social as well as in its military aspects (behind as well as before the scenes), finds a sympathetic student and an able exponent in General Hamley, who is attracted, like so many of us, by the long-buried humours and more simply picturesque surroundings of the days of our grandfathers. While dealing with all these outside elements he is admirable, and these alone, treated as he has treated them, are amply sufficient to give an especial interest to "Traseaden Hall." Even his style has an appropriate dignity and sobriety, in which the quaintnesses of the time find a natural and suitable setting. In the construction of his story, however, and the development of his principal characters, he is much less happy. Reduced to its elements, the plot is nothing more than an account of very unlikely as well as very avoidable lovers' misunderstandings, complicated by a genealogical puzzle of the usual pattern. As to his characters, he is a photographer rather than a painter—he makes us see them from head to foot, and know their features thoroughly, but of their natures, beyond what can be expressed by very strongly-marked labels, we are left to learn nothing. The Señora Valdez, by far the most ambitious of these studies, is proportionately the least successful, and the rest are simply branded as good or bad, as the case may be. Perrin, *alias* "The Spalpeen," that most simple-hearted of heroes, is in like manner the most successful, as being at the same time the most superficial. The

novel could, and should, have been very considerably condensed, and cleared of continual and unnecessary repetitions. In that case its high qualities of description and easy humour would have stood out prominently, instead of being often buried. For the entire military portion it would be difficult to say anything amounting to over-praise. The story of San Sebastian is a model of its kind.

"A Ballroom Repentance," by Annie Edwards (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is the taking title of a bright and lively novel, by the popular authoress of "Archie Lovell." Beyond brightness and liveliness it has but few claims to exceptional notice, unless it be in the portraiture of the heroine's mother—one of those people who contrive, by dint of never troubling themselves or outwardly opposing others, invariably to get their own way in everything. In recent and favourite school. There are dashes of art and music, with a "Straduaris" for a *leit-motiv*; nothing that happens is of any particular importance or inherent interest; instead of the ancient topic of passion we have to do with its modern substitute—the art of flirtation. Nothing could be easier to read, and though we have but the froth of the champagne, it is nevertheless the froth of very fair wine.

"In a Cathedral City: a Tale," by Bertha Thomas (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a better novel of nearly the same school. The musical element is much more realistic as well as more predominant, and at least one of the characters—Leonard Hathaway—has considerable claims to originality as an "Ugly Duckling" of a breed new in fiction, though elsewhere common. He is the genius of a cathedral choir, appears to be good for nothing, is spoiled by patronage, and does not learn the real lessons of life and become a true swan until he has nearly justified the worst expectations of his friends. The Cathedral city itself, as to the locality of which readers will find no difficulty in satisfying themselves, however much their conclusions will differ, is admirably described in the matter of colour and atmosphere, and its distinctive life is reproduced very vividly and faithfully. The main plot is a little too romantic to be wholly in keeping with the background, but it amounts, after all, to little more than an episode among various sketches of well-contrasted characters. The story does not aim at taking a higher place, but on the whole succeeds in taking one considerably higher than its apparent aim.

"J. Sale Lloyd," considering the number of novels that have by this time borne her name upon their title-pages, has not shown what should be the result of experience in "We Costellions" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). Fiction should in many important respects be measured by the standard of truth—that is to say, a story that would be uninteresting were it true does not become interesting by the fact of its not being true, although the practice of too many novelists seems to be founded on a different theory. If Miss Costellion were a real young lady telling the real story of herself and her family, reviewers would assuredly snub her for her impertinence in thinking that any class of her fellow-creatures could possibly care to read such a set out of nothings about nobodies. Everybody, it has been somewhat rashly said, has in him or in her the material for at least one novel. But Mrs. Lloyd's Miss Costellion must at any rate be set down as an exception. She is even driven to relate at length how an elderly relative was killed—for no dramatic purpose—by the bursting of the kitchen boiler, and to eke out her pages by ancient anecdotes which everybody knows in more concise and pointed forms. Of course she complies with common forms by making herself plain, but irresistibly fascinating, and by ending with an even unusual amount of marrying. All this is likely to prove satisfactory enough, but on the whole a more barren piece of idle book-making we have never seen.



"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BERLIOZ," translated from the French by H. Mainwaring Dunstan (2 vols.: Remington and Co.)—Berlioz was essentially a man of his time, a commanding, typical figure of the Romantic period; moreover, his was one of the most interesting and remarkable personalities the world has seen, and in some sense he was the most original composer since Beethoven. Wagnerites will not perhaps admit this, but some of Wagner's best orchestration has been clearly inspired by his predecessor's work, and one at least of his most popular and tuneful melodies is a very palpable reflection of the Valse in the "Fantastic Symphony." But Berlioz was something more than a daring and sometimes eccentric composer. He was also a profound scientific musician, a vigorous and able journalist, and a splendid letter-writer even in an age of letter-writing, and in France. His career was extraordinary and chequered to a degree; and with all his faults (and he had many), he stands, amidst much that was cheap, pretentious, and insincere, a champion fighting to his last breath for all that he considered great and right. Any work, therefore, which is calculated to help English readers to a better understanding of the man and his labours than they have hitherto been able to obtain deserves ready welcome. Mr. Dunstan's volumes, however, create a somewhat qualified satisfaction. To begin with, the "Life" is not a life at all in the right sense, but merely a shaky translation of an inconclusive, meagre, and discursive memoir by M. Daniel Bernard. It is safe to say that a much better idea of the composer's career is to be gotten from the letters themselves; but, on the other hand, it may fairly be argued that an elaborate biography was not altogether necessary. But the interest of the letters depends very much upon how far the reader is acquainted with the story of Berlioz and the times in which he lived. The value of the work, therefore, would have been greatly enhanced if M. Bernard's notice had been replaced by a more comprehensive and elucidatory sketch, which, whilst foreshadowing the letters, should have given the reader a good standpoint from which to observe and to consider. As it is, the uninitiated will find not a little to puzzle him, and a good deal which should have been explained, not only for the benefit of the British public, but in justice to Berlioz himself. These remarks apply in particular to the second volume, which contains the private letters to the composer's friend Humbert Ferrand, many passages in which, without the fuller knowledge that an adequate memoir would have conveyed, are calculated to convey an erroneous impression of the musician's character. As for the translation, as such, it is extremely unequal. The "Life" is particularly ill-done, and there are some curious misconceptions, and sometimes long omissions, in the letters; but in many places the rendering is able, and conveys an idea, as fairly good as is possible in English, perhaps, of the writer's caustic wit, his bitter invective, his cutting irony, and that strange alternation of emotional shine and shadow which was his distinguishing characteristic. But with all its shortcomings the book ought to be read; in spite of them, it both interests and entertains—as indeed anything that bears the stamp of Berlioz's idiosyncrasy cannot fail to do.

The letters which Stanley wrote from Central Africa to a contemporary in 1875 bore some considerable fruit in the shape of an expedition, initiated under the responsibility of the Church Missionary Society. Some members of the party were massacred, as all the world remembers; but one of them, Mr. C. T. Wilson, escaped, to be rescued by a relieving force, which included Mr. R.

W. Felkin. These two gentlemen having returned to Europe in charge of some dusky ambassadors from King Mtesa to the Court of St. James's, they set themselves to produce a joint account of their travels and adventures. The result is "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan" (2 vols., S. Low and Co.). The ground, thanks to Livingstone and Stanley on the one hand, and to Baker and Gordon on the other hand, is not exactly untrodden; but it is sufficiently fresh to render a work which deals with it not only generally interesting, but to some extent valuable. These two volumes are full of instructive facts, novel narrative, and entertaining description, which prove, if anything more were needed to prove, that the nations of Central Africa are full of intelligence and vigour, and capable of great development, and that with just government and kindly fact they will by and by become of vast importance to England and the world. The work, indeed, is a notable addition to the literature of the great "Dark Continent" question.

"Vernon Lee" is the *nom de plume* of a lady whose writings have acquired some notoriety and some praise. Judging from "Delcaro" (W. Satchell), that notoriety is easily conceivable, the praise not so. The book consists of "Essays on Sundry Aesthetic Questions," and is dedicated in a "dedication" extending over fifteen pages to the author's "first and earliest reader," who, being a friend, doubtless feels honoured. For ourselves, we have found the book uncommonly hard and aggravating reading. The style is worldly in the extreme; there is a tendency to platitudes, and an objectionable habit of writing whole pages of nonsensical hypothesis for the mere pleasure of disproving every word of it in a final sentence. This may be ingenious, even clever, but it is rather hard on the reader. With all their absurdities and irritating dullness, however, these papers are not wholly unworthy of consideration. The author evidently knows a good deal—we had almost said she knows too much—and on some points she is sensible enough. But clearly she has yet to learn to select the essentials, and to reject the accidents of her subjects—which principle, we may remark, is the root of all art, literary, musical, pictorial, or sculptural; and just because she does not understand it, or at least does not practice it, her knowledge as expressed in these papers is worse than useless, for nobody can quite discover what it is she would have us do, or believe. Which, perhaps, is a pity.

Why, until now, have we not had a "Dickens Birthday Book?" How is it that he of all authors in this respect should have been hitherto overlooked? For a dainty volume, issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, is convincing proof that his works afford the most delightful anthology of that kind conceivable. It has been compiled and edited by the novelist's eldest daughter, whose task evidently was a labour of love. The result, indeed, is in very truth the essence of Charles Dickens; it embodies his infinite human kindness, his inimitable, illimitable humour, his joyous fun, his sincerity and goodness, his sharp insight, and his unbounded charity of heart. Many books of this kind are depressing, but the extracts in this one are never dull, never uninteresting. One or two of these may prompt to tears, but most must raise a smile or a hearty peal of laughter; and the general impression which the whole conveys is one of unending sunshine and geniality. For all that, however, some of the sentences are not quite complimentary; it is, for instance, scarcely comforting to an unfortunate male when his birthday is signalled by, "That out-dacious boy demoralised them all!" On the other hand, there is some satisfaction in being advised, "Whenever a Little Bethel parson calls you a precious lamb, or says your brother's one, you tell him it's the truest thing he's said for a twelvemonth." Altogether this is a charming book, handsomely got up, and of proper size; and the illustrations—by the famous writer's youngest daughter—are not only appropriate, but distinguished by not a little grace and fancy.

The novice at whist is generally confused by the multiplicity of the regulations to be found in Cavendish's and Hoyle's works. Though no mere book of instruction can make a good player, Mr. Buckland's thirty short notes ("Whist for Beginners," Allen and Co.) will do much to show clearly and simply the main points of the game.

Amateur actors have another illustrated guide in Mr. C. Harrison's "Theatrical and Tableaux Vivants" (Upcott Gill), which gives directions as to stage arrangements, costumes, and acting. The book is not satisfactorily arranged, but it contains a notable and useful chapter on the great art of "making up."

When a book, even after attentive perusal, remains absolutely incomprehensible, it may, of course, be that the critic is dull and the author inspired; but we honestly do not think this explanation will stand in the case of "Words: A Foundling" (Charles Johnson and Co.), which is a mere chaos of vocables, without a trace of an intelligible plan.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—From this firm come a set of "Original Compositions for the Organ," thirteen in number, by various popular composers, all more or less worthy of notice. Especially good is Part I., "Two Introductory Voluntaries," by George J. Bennet. Part II. is "Three Andantes," remarkably well written, by Hamilton Clarke; the second of the three is a sweet and flowing melody, by no means difficult. Nos. III. and IV. are "Postlude for Christmas" and "Andante Con Moto;" the former introduces the favourite carol, "Good King Wenceslaus," the latter admirably works out a pleasing theme. Both these compositions are by Dr. Garrett. For Nos. VIII. and IX. Sir Frederick Ouseley gives two Voluntaries, one for Christmas, the motive a charming pastorella, the other of a more general type; both are in the talented composer's best style.—Oliver King, Ridley Prentice, Dr. Steggall, and C. E. Stephens contribute to the other numbers of this series, all doing honour to their well-known names, if not so worthy of special mention as those we have referred to.—From the same publishers we have received a suite of "Original Compositions for the Organ," by Gustav Merkel, ten in number, all of which are musically compositions, but those which will prove the most popular are No. II., "Fantasia in E Minor," No. IV., "Pastorale in G," and "Adagio in F," which will give the student a fair amount of work to master, but are worthy of the practice expended upon them.—Again we come upon honest work which will win its reward. "Twelve Canons for Two-Part Female Chorus or Two Solo Voices," music by Carl Reinecke, English translation by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, worthy of the attention of singers who are desirous of doing something out of the beaten track during the coming winter season.—Although the time of roses is almost past "Three Songs About a Rose," for a tenor voice, composed by Morton Latham, Mus. Doc., Cantab., will charm if only for the retrospective thoughts they awaken. Of the trio Waller's tender poem, "Go, Lovely Rose" (No. II.) will please the most—the exquisite poetry is so well set to music.

J. W. CHESTER, BRIGHTON.—A very cheerful and melodious *haricavole*, for tenor or soprano voice, written and composed by Malcolm C. Salaman and Florence Behrens, is "See Yonder Ship."—"Six Songs," by John Gledhill, poetry by Burns, Moore, and Barry Cornwall, form a welcome and inexpensive gift for a fairly good singer who will take pains to learn and sing them well. Nos. I., III., V., and VI. will be the favourites of the group. By

the same composer is a "Serenade" for the pianoforte, really very charming; as are also "Three Scherzos for the Pianoforte," which will lead young students on to like classical music of a more ambitious standard.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We look for something better than a very feeble ballad, "I Pray Thee, Love, Forget," from Miss Mary Cholmondeley and Miss Annie E. Armstrong, who can do so much better than in this composition (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"The British Volunteers," written and composed by G. R. King, is a decided improvement upon its predecessor, "God Bless Our Family Royal;" but yet there is ample room for poetical improvement, which will probably come by degrees (Messrs. G. R. King and Co.).—When played by the band of the Royal Aquarium, "The Royal Bride Polka," by Frank Godward, is fairly inspiring; but on the pianoforte it has quite a contrary effect (Joseph Williams).

"AT THE DIGGINS"

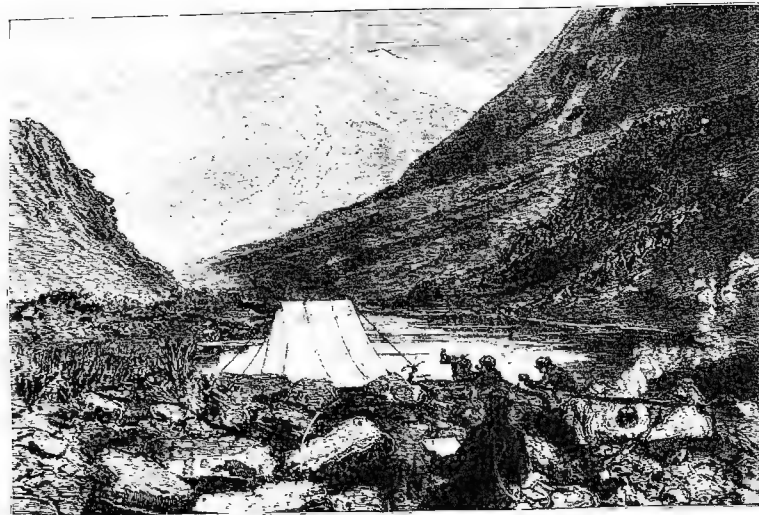
KIND reader, a word with you at the outset! Be not disappointed if we do not transport you to the diamond diggings of South Africa, or help you to pick up nuggets as large as Aladdin's jewels from the Australian gold-fields. Here you will find no advice on the purchase of outfit, revolver, and cradle. Rowdies and tropical splendours will be conspicuously absent. But if you have any spice of Jonathan Oldbuck's tastes, if you can discourse learnedly of *castrametation* and *municipia*, *praefectura* and *mortaria*—or if you cannot do so—accompany us to a grey landscape hidden among the wolds of Lincolnshire, and assist us to pick up, not a fortune in five minutes, but a few broken bits of pottery.

And yet these potsherds speak of a long-buried world, and of conquerors who have in their own turn long disappeared from the land. They are mute memorials of the Roman invaders, yet most eloquent to any one possessed of a little imagination, and a fair share of knowledge respecting the domestic life of old Rome. And they have been overlaid here as in many parts of England by different strata of rubbish and accumulation, just as in the palimpsest of history the Romans themselves have been succeeded by Saxon, Dane, and Norman. At Richborough or Uriconium a tolerable estimate may be formed of the Roman occupation of Britain; the everyday life of the conquerors may be read in the walls, streets, pottery, and relics of personal ornaments which have been found at these places. But at many a humbler "diggings," such as at the Roman house lately discovered in the Isle of Wight, or by the tessellated pavements and basilicas so frequently found throughout England, glimpses of the Roman occupation may be obtained. The very imperfect yet suggestive character of the information so acquired acts as a spur to further exertions in digging, and warrants us in calling attention to our deserted pottery. Like the angler, if the eager searcher among Roman relics is unlucky to-day, hope always buoy him up with the thought of a more fortunate morrow. The mere activity which he is exerting in the close neighbourhood of Roman remains is of entrancing interest, even if disappointment in the results crowns his labours. Bores may gape and clowns make merry over the few square yards which the searcher digs up in a day; but the archaeological enthusiast only begins his work again next morning with more cheery anticipations of a "find."

For fourteen centuries our El Dorado must have resembled what it was until the last few years, a swamp in the heart of the chalky hills with a stream winding through its densely wooded banks. The spot is far removed from human interests or habitations. At length a farmer, ambitious of improvement, determined to clear away a little covert of perhaps sixty yards by a hundred in length, which, from time immemorial, in this swampy ground had been used as a shelter for pheasants. In doing so a quantity of fragments of Roman pottery were discovered. Further searches disclosed that the little copse stood upon what had once been a flourishing Roman pottery. When we recently visited it the surrounding landscape, though in May, was of a sombre and secluded character. The little oblong plot where the potters once laboured was surrounded by gently swelling hills, on which the young corn grew lush and green. The course of the little brook was marked by a few alders, and every here and there a willow growing aslant,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.

The oaks were clad in all their bravery of yellow shoots, and though it was late in the present spring several large ashes reared black and leafless arms into the grey sky. Meteorologists, by the way, should notice whether, according to the old saw, this foretells a hot dry summer. We have never seen the priority of the oak in foliage more noticeable than during this spring. The solitude of this retirement was only intensified by the cuckoo's cry, while its subdued tone and low scheme of colour—greys, browns, and dark greens—were saddened by a shower every now and then drifting over it. Potters are quiet folk, in spite of the Greek proverb, which says, "Potter falls out with potter." A bed of dark blue clay doubtless induced them to set up their huts here, but the fact that their settlement would scarcely be perceived by marauders until a person came actually upon them doubtless weighed with the old Roman craftsmen. Just as cutting down the covert disclosed the pottery, so the still more recent digging out of a rabbit in the neighbourhood showed where a track had been made across the swamp, probably by these very potters, in order to secure a firm passage. The Roman villa at Chedworth, Gloucestershire, was similarly discovered in 1866. Armed with mattock and spade we first traced the general course of this path, which now ran much of it under a plantation of larches. A foundation of broken chalk had been first laid down, just as it is still done in mending the roads of this district, and then the tiles and bricks which broke under the process of baking had been flung carelessly on the top, and vegetable mould had accumulated over this, but on turning it up we could pick up bits of flanged tiles or of tiles pierced for a peg or nail to fasten them to the rafters, fragments of pottery and bricks innumerable, with edges as fresh as when they were first deposited here. Leaving this pathway, whereon in old days the pack-horses must have carried the potters' wares to Lincoln on one hand, or Ancaster on the other, both of which were large Roman settlements, we proceeded to the pottery. A fertile crop of oats was growing on it of a healthy dark green, owing to the rich and until lately virgin soil. In the present depressed state of agriculture he would be a bold man who would suggest digging of this district, and then the tiles and bricks which broke under the process of baking had been flung carelessly on the top, and vegetable mould had accumulated over this, but on turning it up we could pick up bits of flanged tiles or of tiles pierced for a peg or nail to fasten them to the rafters, fragments of pottery and bricks innumerable, with edges as fresh as when they were first deposited here. 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SECOND CAMP ON MORAINES OF THE GREAT TASMAN GLACIER



FORDING THE HOOKER



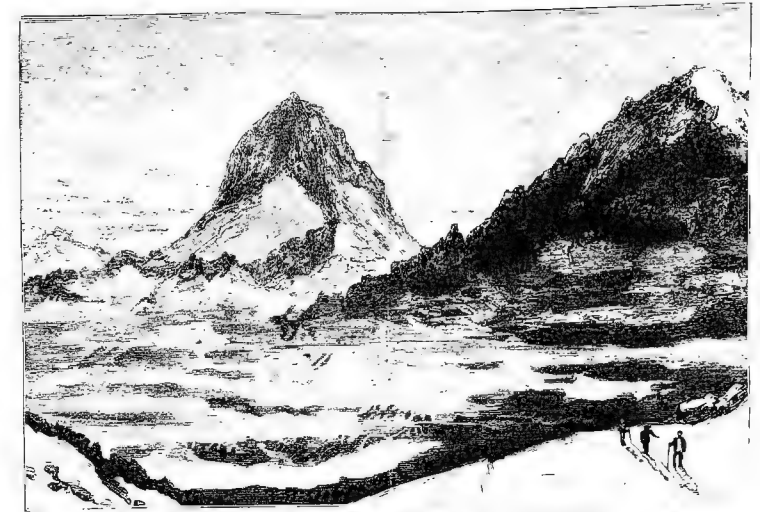
THE SOUTHERN ARRÊTE



A PERILOUS NIGHT WATCH



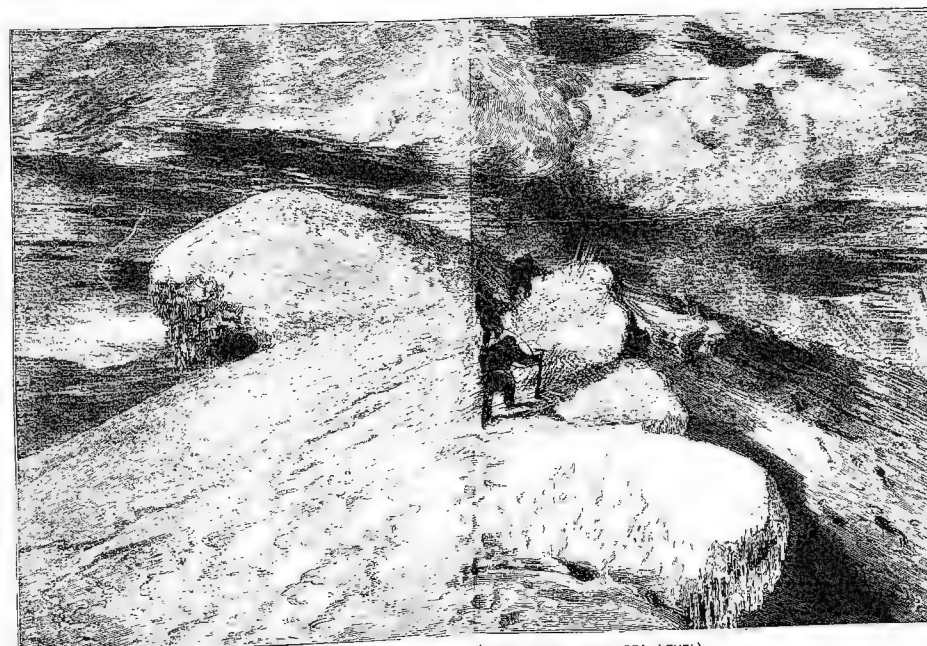
ATTEMPT TO CLIMB THE EASTERN SPUR



THE MALTE BRUN CHAIN FROM THE SLOPES OF MOUNT COOK



AMONG THE SERACS ABOVE THE GREAT PLATEAU OF MOUNT COOK



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT COOK (12,349 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL)



EASTERN FACE OF MOUNT COOK, FROM THE TASMAN GLACIER

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MOUNT COOK, NEW ZEALAND

must be aware, the cranes, lifts, and other machines at our large docks are worked by water which is stored at some central point under immense pressure. This source of power, carried by means of pipes throughout the docks, can be tapped where required for work. The General Hydraulic Company propose to lay down mains to give private firms this great convenience. The economy of this system will be readily seen when it is remembered that one central steam engine, by pumping the water to its reservoir, and so storing it under pressure for use, will take the place of several, which would otherwise be spread over a large area. A secondary result of the arrangement will be to lessen the number of smoke-breathing funnels in the already funnel-haunted neighbourhood of the Thames.

T. C. H.



THE SEASON.—Thursday, the 20th of July, will be remembered by the chroniclers of dates as the beginning of the English harvest of the present year. On that day the cutting of wheat—the early Talavera white variety—began on the Sussex Downs, and on the same day a field of oats, near Reading, felt the sickle. As Friday and Saturday were favourable days, some other South-country farmers were induced to commence cutting their earliest fields. In Essex, round Chelmsford, some winter oats have been cut, and wheat harvest is expected to begin on Monday next. In Kent wheat appears about an average crop, oats over an average crop, but decidedly this does not look like a barley year. Beans and peas will probably be found a fairly satisfactory yield—in parts, indeed, a really good yield. As regards Northern England, a fortnight's sunshine may yet work wonders.

HOPS.—Good hops are already worth 10s. per cwt., and prices for the next twelve months will almost certainly be high. Alarmists are saying the English production this year will be but a tithe of consumptive wants, but at the very best a most serious deficiency will have to be faced. In the gardens irreparable damage has been done by the blight, and so continuous and determined have been the attacks of the vermin, that many growers are now repeating their washings. There is also a good deal of blind bine, and the pin does not look quite right, while symptoms of mould are observable in places.

EUSILAGE is eaten up clean, and there is no waste. This is no slight recommendation to farmers. The tinge of acidity about food from a silo is not disagreeable to the palate of stock. The American inventive genius has already produced a self-feeding fodder cutter, in which a travelling apron carries forward the forage as thrown into it. The three things necessary to preserve green fodder are: 1. Condition to allow of compact stowage; 2. Air and water-tight silos; and 3. Sufficient topweight to press out all, or nearly all, of the air. A cubic foot of eusilage should weigh about three stone, and half-a-hundred weight (four stone) is a good daily ration for a cow. Farmers have found three stone a week will keep a sheep in fair condition. Whatever the crop to be made into eusilage, it should be in a condition to pack close, and on this account it is desirable to cut it very short.

LINCOLNSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The fourteenth annual show of this famous Society has just been held at Sleaford. The entries included 71 cattle, 73 sheep, 240 horses, 31 pigs, 172 poultry, 47 bees, and 106 stands of implements. The show was favoured with fair weather, and commanded a good attendance. The show of cattle was small but good, Messrs. Outhwaite, Wright, Pears, and St. John Ackers being exhibitors of some splendid stock. The sheep classes were very strong in quality. Mr. Duckering took nearly all the pig prizes. The horses were a show of which Lincolnshire may well be proud. The portable steam engines were a special feature of the implement show, which the competition of such firms as Messrs. Hornsby, Ruston and Proctor, Robey and Co., and Clayton and Shuttleworth rendered an extremely fine one. The increasing interest taken in agriculture is a very good sign, though in so bad a year for bees as is the present the exhibits naturally fail to attain the standard of more propitious seasons.

A FOURFOLD EAR OF BARLEY.—A Suffolk correspondent writes: "One of my men brought me a stem of barley with four ears on, picked from a field of mine. I have several times seen a stem with two ears on, but never before one with four. There are twenty-six kernels on the middle ear alone."

SALISBURY SHEEP FAIR was a very interesting exhibition. One hundred lambs from a flock of five hundred to a thousand ewes is, perhaps, the class to which most interest is attached. This year the Royal Agricultural College of Downton won the blue riband of the Show, and a competent judge said the hundred lambs were the best he ever saw together of one man's breeding.

RECENT HORSE SHOWS.—A fine collection of agricultural horses has been on view at Dalkeith, the two-year-olds being especially good. The agricultural horses at Malton were also a strong and good show. Heckmondwike Show was held in very wet weather, but there was a fair show of roadsters and heavy horses. The attendance considering the weather was wonderfully good, but then we all know the Yorkshireman's love of horseflesh.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—We have recently heard of a cat at the age of fourteen years bearing a kitten, which is now very healthy and well. We fancy such a case is decidedly rare. We can vouch for the age of the parent animal.—A white swallow was seen by a gentleman fishing in the Clyde on the 13th of July.—Those persons who wish to see what a Japanese Phoenix fowl is like should look in last week's *Live Stock Journal*, wherein they will find a half-page illustration of a bird with tail feathers six feet long.

PROFESSOR EBERS ON EGYPT*

At the present crisis in Egyptian history it may not be uninteresting to call attention to the important work on Egypt by Prof. Ebers. Professor Ebers has, we know, saturated his mind with Egyptian lore, and he has written romances in which he resuscitates the life of ancient Egypt with wonderful accuracy of detail, his romances, indeed, being greater successes from the archaeological than the artistic point of view. What, then, after so much written by himself and hundreds of other writers on Egypt, can Professor Ebers find to say that is new concerning the Nile country? On turning the pages of this book we find that it contains nothing new. But it seems to have been the object of the publishers to produce the handsomest book on Egypt yet extant; and it must be acknowledged that they have succeeded. No pains have been spared to make these sumptuous volumes a complete artistic success. The paper is excellent, the binding strong and handsome, the type bold. The volumes are filled, too, with hundreds of wood-engravings, all of them good, and some of them unusually excellent specimens of book illustrations. Finally, the letterpress is good also. It bears none of the traces, which books of this fine appearance often do, that it has been written to suit the blocks. The literary and artistic portions of the

work are properly balanced, and the illustrations are illustrative of the text. Dr. Birch is the author of a brief historical introduction, and the numerous notes which give precision, in many cases, to the text. Dr. J. Goldhizer has written the chapter on Mohammedan life and character at Cairo. The first volume opens with an account of Alexandria, ancient and modern. It begins with the foundation of the city under Alexander the Great, and brings the story down to the time of Ismail Pasha, but not further. Next we have a chapter called "Through the Delta," then an account of Goshen, Memphis, and the Pyramids, and then Cairo, to which are devoted four chapters. The second volume opens with the regeneration of Egypt, dating from the landing at Alexandria of Napoleon I. The Resurrection of the Antiquities of Egypt, and the University and Mosque of El-Azhar at Cairo are well and fully described. Upper Egypt from Cairo by Thebes to the First Cataract forms the subject of the larger part of the second volume. The chapter devoted to the University of El-Azhar is, to our thinking, the most interesting in the work. It is in most part from the pen of Dr. Goldhizer, who was himself a pupil at the University, which is the centre of learning for the whole Mohammedan world. In the year 1877 the number of pupils studying there was 7,695, comprising 1,240 Hanafees, 3,192 Shafe'ees, 3,240 Malikees, and 23 Hanbalees. Of the 231 Professors at present attached to the Mosque 49 are Hanafees, 106 Shafe'ees, 75 Malikees, and 1 Hanbalee. These four sects flourish side by side in the Mosque of El-Azhar. The professors of the rival sects often lean against adjacent pillars in the mosque, each expounding his own views to his own circle of attentive students. Very many of the students live within the walls of the Mosque itself. The more well-to-do students, however, live in the streets near at hand. To those who want to gain copious information on Egypt, its social life of today, its ancient splendours and what remains of them, Professor Ebers' work may well be recommended. It should, however, be said that the book is essentially popular. The serious student would choose more solid works. This is one of those of which it used to be the custom to say that "It forms an excellent gift-book, and is well suited for the drawing-room table."

BY A LIMESTONE QUARRY

ON the side of a wheat-field, between it and the high road, is a limestone quarry, the irregular sides of which rise perpendicularly, and look like miniature cliffs on the sea-shore—the green wheat, tossed into billows by the breeze, representing the waves. Down in the quarry, three men are at work with pickaxes and iron bars, which they thrust into the fissures of the rock, and dislodge the masses of stone, which a fourth man lifts into a wheelbarrow, and, running it over planks to a large stack or bed, there places the pieces in due order. A cart, with two strong horses, stands beside this stack of stone, and the roadman is tossing the least shapely blocks into his cart. When it is filled, the horses will draw it up the steep incline to the high road above the quarry, where it will be laid on the turf in heaps ready for the stonebreaker. I wish that our parish surveyor of roads would give us Mountsorrel granite instead of this limestone, which pounds into white mud in winter, and flies away in white dust in summer, soon leaving the road to resume its normal ruts; but he pleads agricultural distress, and pressure of rates, and the cost of hauling the granite from the nearest railway station, six miles distant; so he can only treat us with a ton or two for our village streets.

That road at the top of the quarry is one of the famous roads of England—the Great North Road, or "The York Road," as it is often called—the Old Ermine Street, or Eormen Street, as the Anglo-Saxons called this Roman military road; and Stretton, or the "Town on the Street," is the village of which I have just spoken. It was the engineering genius of Telford that adapted the ancient road to the requirements of coach-travelling; and, it is not so many years since that the large inn—now a farm-house—near to this quarry used to be thronged with visitors; forty-four four-horse coaches and mails passed up and down every day and night, half of them changing horses at this inn, and half at the famous "Ram Jam," not many yards from the other side of the quarry. Then, besides the coaches, there were the private carriages and post-chaises, the carriers' vans and waggons, and the horsemen and bagmen, who were important persons in the pre-railway days. But now, the white streak of the road through the landscape is often undotted for miles together by cart or pedestrian; the roll of wheels and clatter of hoofs is rarely heard, except when, in the hunting season, the Cottesmore Hounds meet at that old inn; and the altered state of the times is denoted by the fifteen lines of telegraph wires that are carried from pole to pole, all along the roadside, and by the edge of the quarry. There is abundant room for the posts; for, on either side of the road is a wide breadth of grass, reserved for the horsemen and bagmen in the olden days; and the luxuriant growth of clover and numerous grasses is a testimony to the value of the road-dust and scrapings of the oolite limestone in producing rich herbage. Consequently, these roadside breadths of grass are let by the parish authorities to the highest bidder, who in due course mows and carries the grass. Thus, hay-making is now seen on the Great North Road—a sight that would have astonished our grandfathers, as they rolled, in coaches and post-chaises, by the side of this limestone quarry.

Beneath its little cliffs, the open side of the quarry is in a field, now filled with tender blades of wheat, which assume, in the sunshine, a tint of vivid emerald green, in striking contrast to a patch of very red soil in the adjacent field. If we saw this in a painting, we should probably denounce it as terribly unnatural, frightfully pre-Raphaelitish, or dreadfully tea-boardy. Yet, there it is, in Nature, the vivid green close beside the bright red—the contrasting colours in perfect harmony. For this is Rutland; and, though in the many derivations that are given of the name of this small county, some waggish people are disposed to assert that it relates to the ruts in the roads, yet others affirm that it was called Rotelonde, or Redland, from its ruddy soil. Anyway it is, and always has been, a most fertile soil, as was testified by Michael Drayton in his "Polyolbion,"—

Love not thyself the less, although the least thou art;
What thou in greatness want'st, wise Nature doth impart
In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious mould,
Surveying all this isle, the sun did ne'er behold.

The wheat-field is bounded by an extensive wood, chiefly of oaks. The rabbits are frisking in and out, leaving the traces of their busy teeth in the breadth of blades that they have cropped; a gorgeous cock pheasant stalks to and fro; partridges rise with a whirr—r-r-r, and, skimming a yard above the tender green of the wheat, drop down into its cool depths, with that peculiar cry of "kircher-kircher," that was noted by John Clare, when he worked in a limestone quarry only a few miles from this spot, searching into Nature's great green book, and learning therefrom—to adopt a phrase of Lowell's—"to win the secret of a weed's plain heart."

Close to the telegraph wires is the older portion of the quarry, long since worked out, and now filled with oaks and hawthorns, firs and larches, growing out of a thick carpet of moss and wild flowers; the steep banks and inequalities of the ground making tiny hills and winding valleys, sheltered and sequestered—a famous lounge on a hot July day. A few weeks since the nightingales were here, revelling in their own melodies; now, the missel-thrush, or "storm-cock," is in full song, prognosticating rain; and the harshest sound that is heard—next to that of the cock pheasant—is the creaking cry of the blue-winged jay, and the hoarse laugh of the pretty red and green woodpecker, as he wings his wave-like flight,

and apparently dashes himself against the trunk of an oak, up which he goes with jerks, as a sailor would climb a mast. The scent of honeysuckle perfumes the air; for, though I see but little of it, it "lets its delicious secret out," unable to conceal its charms.

It is hotter down in the quarry, where the limestone cliffs gleam white in the July sun, belted with darker bands of rock, showing traces of ironstone. Old Drayton was right as to the goodness of the soil. The fertility of the "delicious mould" is very striking. Every coign of vantage on which there is a lodgment of loam is thickly covered with wild flowers and grasses. Some scarlet poppies are flaunting in the sun; but yellow, white, and pink are the preponderating colours among the lush green growth of summer. The varnished buttercups are not yet over; and they love this fat soil, and crowd the cliff-top, where is the wild mignonette, though it is not so fine here as I have seen it on the chalky cliffs at Broadstairs. But the chief masses of bright gold come—not from the buttercups—but from that pretty little flower, the Bird's-foot Lotus. Botanists call it *Lotus corniculatus*. I wonder what name will be given to it by this little girl who has come to the quarry with her father's dinner. I ask her, expecting that she will tell me it is the Ladies'-slipper. But I am deceived; for they appear to have plant-names peculiar to this old folk-lore district; and she replies to my question, "If you please, sir, it's Fingers-and-thumbs!" a name which is as quaint as that here given to a somewhat similar yellow flower—the Kidney Vetch—which is called "Lambs'-toes and Ladies'-fingers." There has been a slide of earth here, and great stones are mixed with the debris, in which these Fingers-and-thumbs gleam like burnished gold, over whose bright bosses the Clear-wing moth flutters its red-spotted wings, and the swallows skim low with lightning speed.

Then for white—or rather for white and gold—there are the crowds of ox-eyed daisies, which would be worth something as "Marguerites" for Covent Garden bouquets, if I could only convey them there, and get my money for them. But agricultural distress has not yet found a remedy in a profitable harvest for the wild flowers; so we must let them stay where they are to adorn the limestone quarry. Then for varieties of white bloom, there is the white clover and the large white discs of the cow-parsnip, and the white blackberry blossoms, and the clusters of the elder, and the large, flat, snowy flowers of the wild Guelder rose, which is here called "the Service tree," though I know not why; and the privet—which here grows wild—its delicate blossoms scenting the air. But, above and beyond all these is the trailing wild white rose, the York rose, so delicately fair and pale, with its crowd of petals flung open to the sun, and its multitude of little, round, fat buds, comfortably tucked-up in their coats of Lincoln green. It seems as though this York rose was a fit decoration for the hedges of the York Road. Beside it is its blushing sister of Lancaster, the dog-rose, with its five delicate petals of pale pink, some of them shading to a deeper hue, like the reflex of a crimson sunset, while many of the buds are of bright carmine. The choicest porcelain could not rival one of these thousand blossoms, showered so profusely over the bright green leaves of the arched and trailing briars. Surely nothing could be lovelier, even in that "wondrous wild" scenery of the Trossachs, where "the briar-rose fell in streamers green;" but here the streamers are clustered over with pink buds and blossoms, like to those so patiently and truthfully painted by Millais as a background to his fair Ophelia, as she sings and floats to death. The wealth of roses is the richest of Flora's July gifts to this limestone quarry.

CUTHBERT BEDE

TWO YOUNG PEOPLE

Two nice young folks this golden eve,
Through wafts of gorse and heather
(No doubt she's asked her mother's leave),
Are strolling out together;—
The keeper's son—without the gun
That works such cruel slaughter—
And—form like that there is but one—
The gardener's darling daughter.
Oh, but the hours go by
(Young people, won't you try?)
Trampling the heather,
Blue sky and speaking eye,
And two together!

He gazes in the maiden's eyes—
Of course she blushes nicely;
He glances at the happy skies—
The colours match precisely.
"Oh, Bess," says he, "what eyes they be!"
That's all he tries at present;
"Oh, never mind my eyes," says she,
"Do talk of something pleasant."
Oh, but the hours go by
(Young people, won't you try?)
Trampling the heather,
Blue sky and speaking eye,
And two together!

Her hair is sunshine in a knot,
Her step is music walking,
The dimples, till she smiles forgot—
But what's the use of talking?
His arm goes round her limber waist,
It clings, I fear it presses.
"Leave that alone," she cries in haste,
And come and gather cresses."
Oh, but the hours go by
(Young people, won't you try?)
Trampling the heather,
Blue sky and speaking eye,
And two together!

He won't relax his charming hold
For such a flimsy reason—
I fancy cress, if truth were told,
Is hardly yet in season.
"You'll wed me, Bess,—there, whisper Yes—
Come, don't be mean and spiteful."
"Well, yes, perhaps—but none the less
Your conduct's simply frightful."
Oh, but the hours go by
(Young people, won't you try?)
Trampling the heather,
Blue sky and speaking eye,
And two together!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

AMERICAN LADIES DEARLY LOVE A TITLE and their immense respect for any member of the nobility has long been a fertile subject of jest on this side of the Atlantic, but how prompt the French are to profit by this Transatlantic weakness is curiously illustrated by an advertisement culled this week from an American contemporary published in Paris:—"Several Princes, Dukes, Counts, Viscounts wish to marry rich American young ladies. Write in the first instance, in all confidence, to Madame la Baronne —, &c., &c."

* "Egypt; Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque." By G. Ebers. Translated from the original German by Clara Bell. With an Introduction and Notes by S. Birch, D.C.L., LL.D., F.S.A. (2 vols.: Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.).



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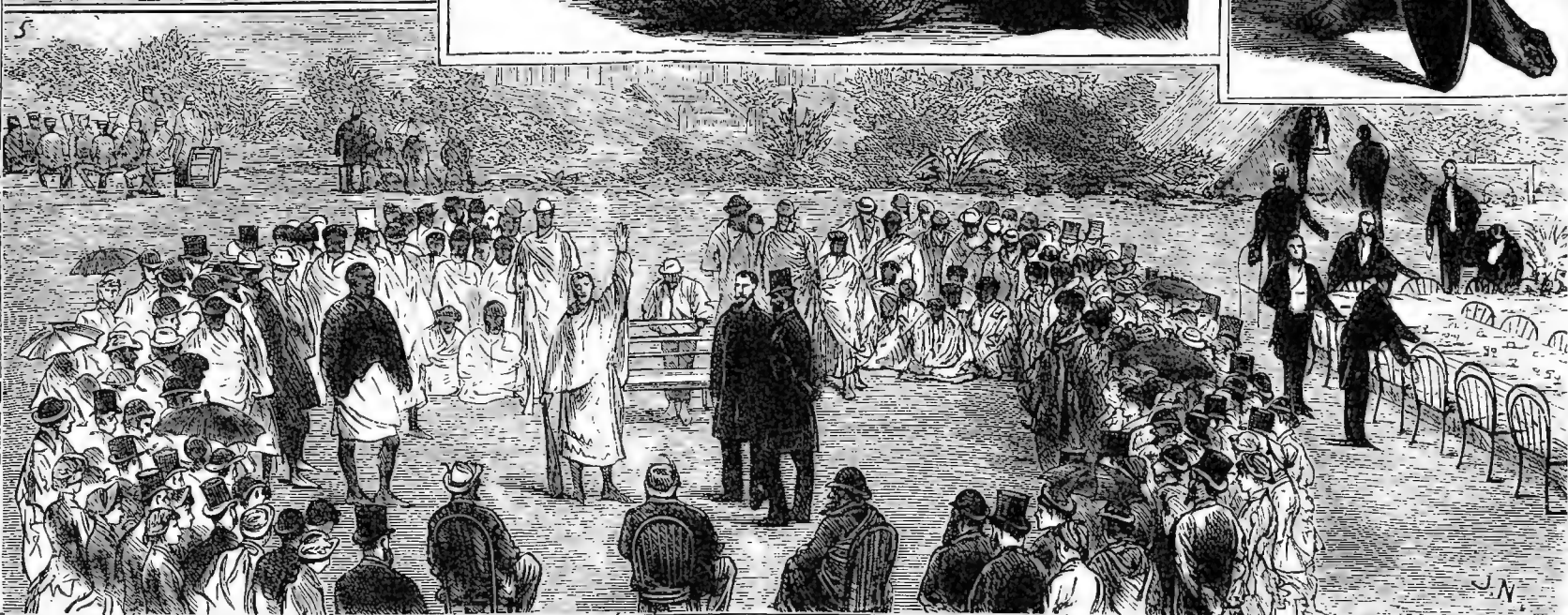
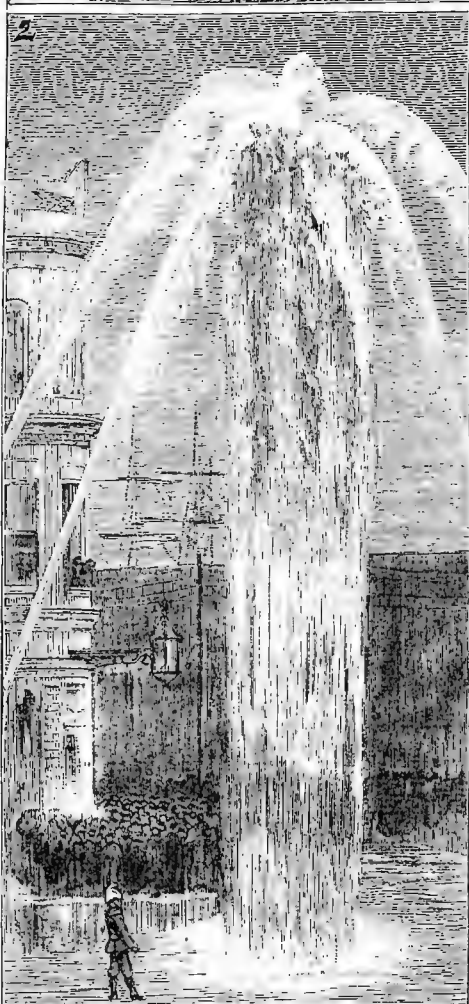
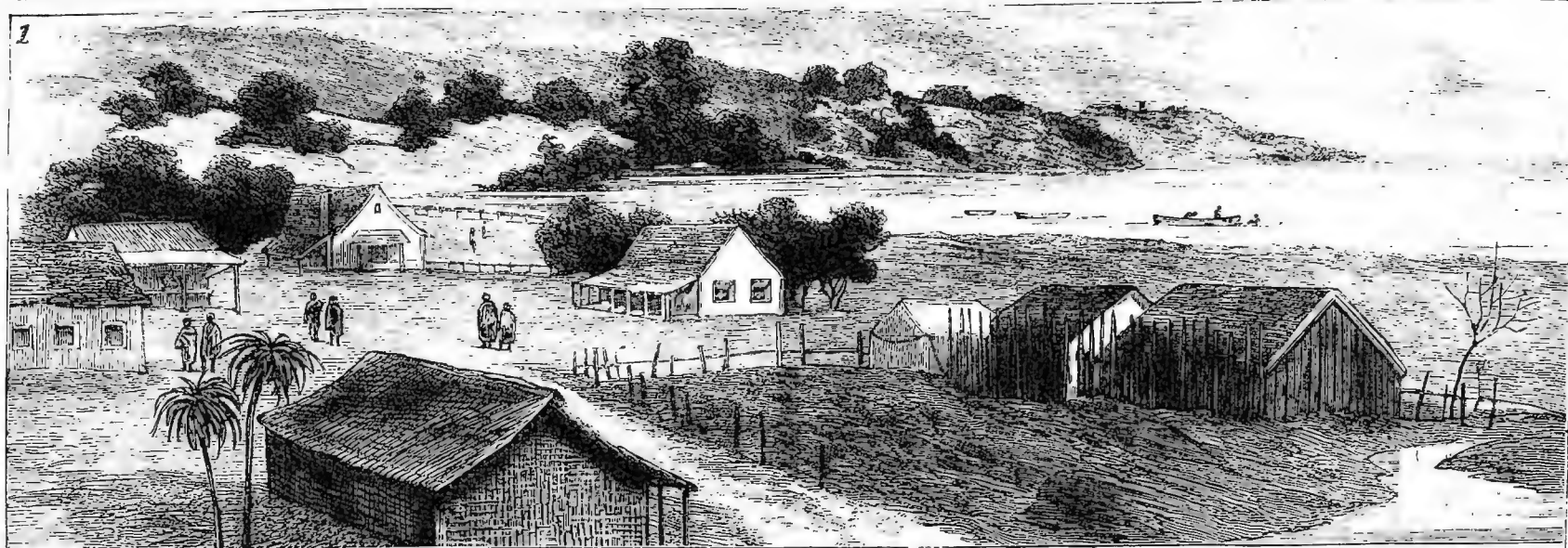
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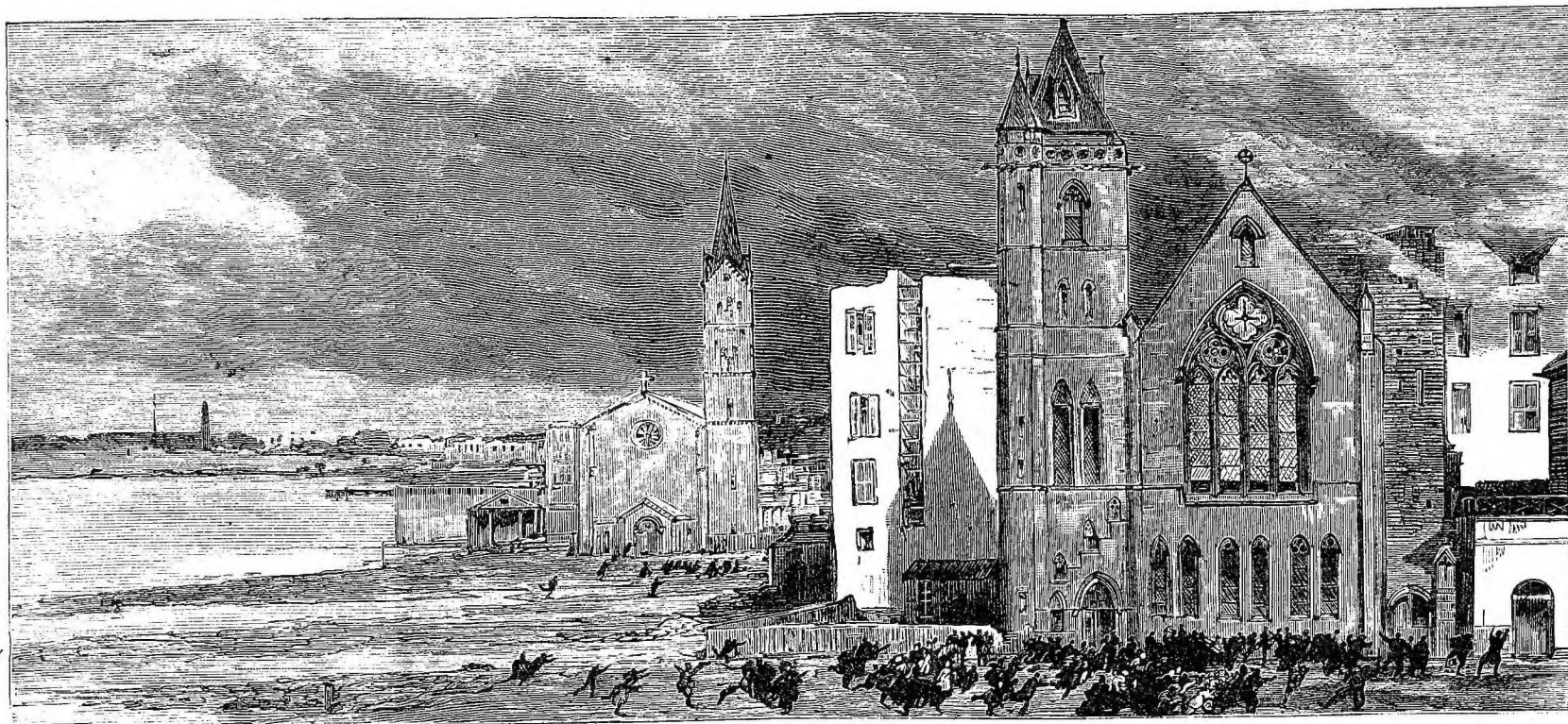
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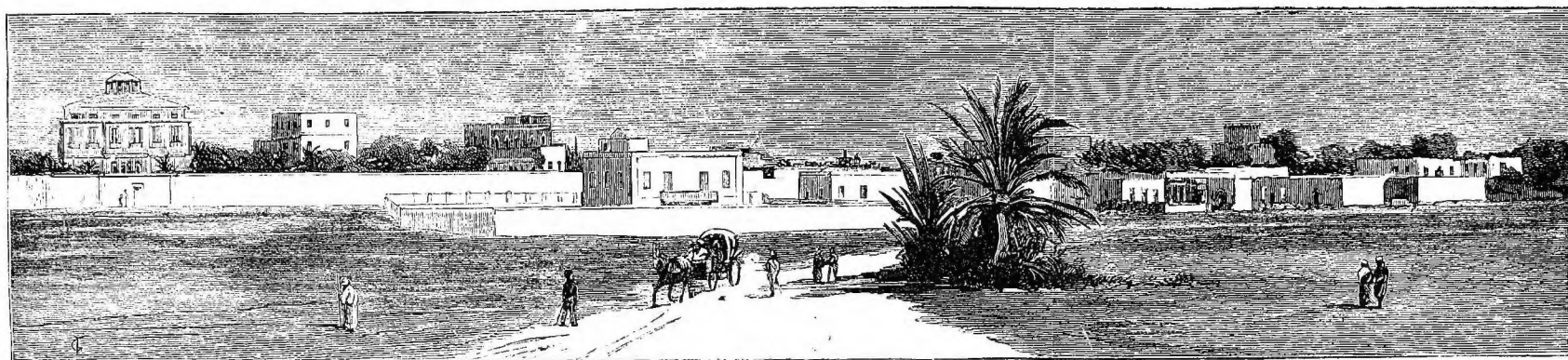
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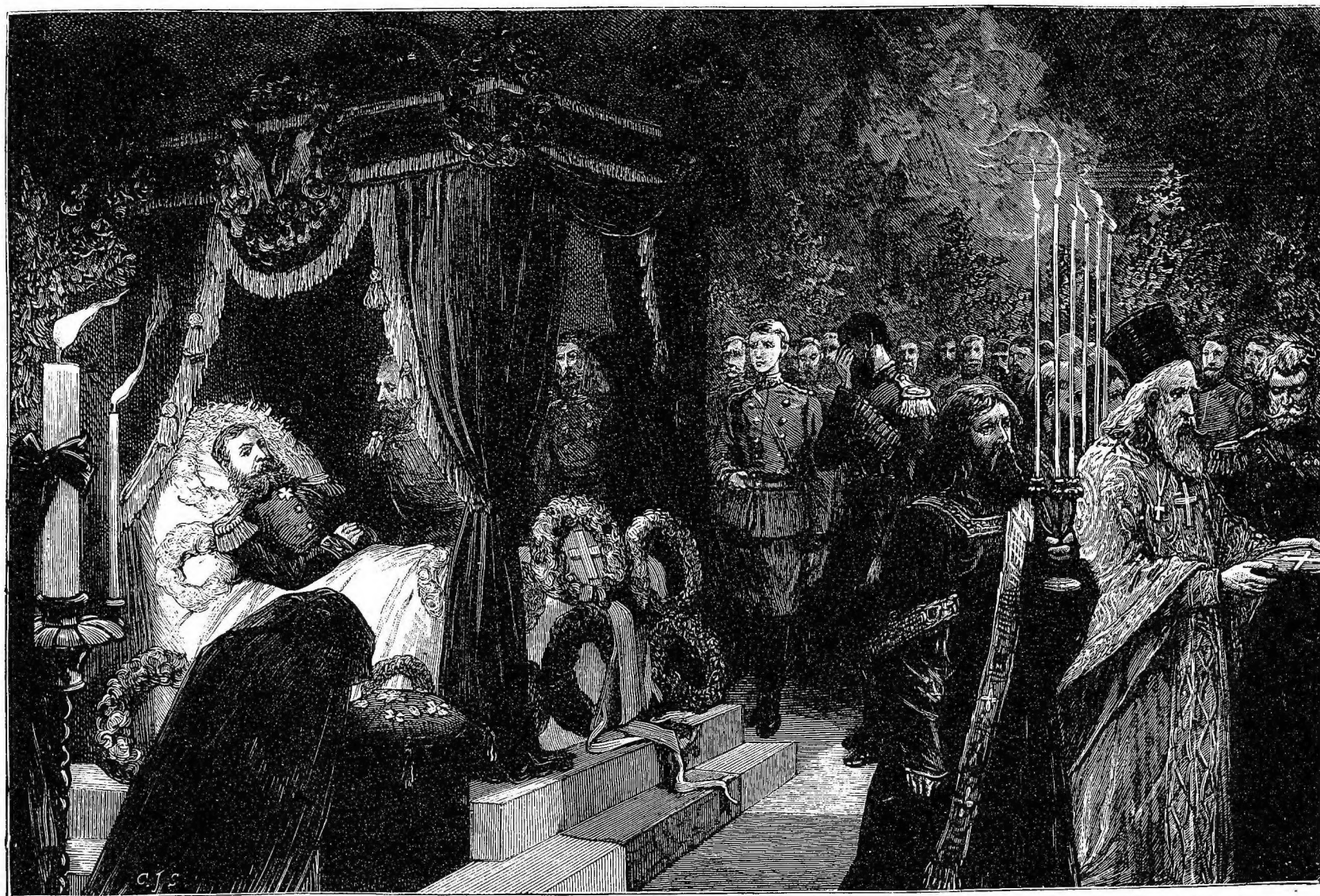
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THE SCOTCH CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA,



BACOS STATION ON THE WAY TO RAMLEH,
THE WAR IN EGYPT



THE LATE GENERAL SKOBELEFF LYING IN STATE IN THE CHURCH OF TRYĖCH SWJATITELEI, MOSCOW

that followed. Ten youngsters turned out for the Hainaker Stakes, but Blue Rock—a gay deceiver—and Padlock, the two favourites, were beaten by the Whiteface filly. A more important two-year-old contest was the valuable Richmond Stakes, for which a field of six came to the post, including such animals as Rookery, Adriana, and the Hilda filly. Adriana was at first made favourite, but when it became known that she had refused her corn since her arrival at Goodwood, Sigmophone and Rookery, notwithstanding the fact that the latter carried the heaviest penalty of the party, took her place. The race was run at a good pace, and Sigmophone, ridden by her owner, T. Cannon, won easily; Lord Falmouth's Britomartis getting second was the surprise of the race. For the Ham Stakes only the dark Torpedo could be found to tackle next year's Derby favourite, Macheath, who, with 3 to 1 on him, made all the running, and won in a canter by four lengths. The Goodwood Stakes experienced somewhat of a revival, eleven animals coming to the post as against seven last year and nine the year before. Petronel, the top weight, had been the ruling favourite in the market from the first, but before the start he was supplanted by Fortissimo, who was a very "strong tip," while the crack hunter, Boisterous, was next in demand. As was the case last year, the race was run in a heavy storm of rain, and little could be seen of it. The favourite, however, showed a bold front, and eventually won by a head from Reveller, the winner two years ago, Isabeau being a bad third. Fordham was on Fortissimo, and this was his sixth winning mount in this race, his first having been on Gomera, in 1867. It may be noticed that no three-year-old has won the Goodwood Stakes since Scamp in 1874. On the Tuesday Fordham had two other winning mounts, but Archer and Wood, who had six and eight mounts respectively, only scored once each. On the Wednesday, out of five mounts, Archer again only won once, and Wood's form did not produce a win at all. Fordham, however, out of five scored twice, and thus up to this point the veteran horseman carried off the palm of jockeyship. As a set-off, however, against Archer's want of success it must be remembered that last week at Sandown Park, on the Friday, out of six mounts he had four firsts and two seconds. The Stewards' Cup day will be remembered painfully by backers for the overthrow of Dutch Oven in the Sussex Stakes by Comte Alfred, who in a field of only six started at 20 to 1, and of St. Marguerite in the Lennox Stakes by Actress, who in a field of four started at 10 to 1. Another 10 to 1 chance turned up in Schiller, who won the Visitors' Plate in a field of seven. For the Stewards' Cup only 19 came to the post, the lowest number since 1843, the third year after the institution of the race, when 17 started. Vibration and Atalanta were made the two first favourites at the start, and ran second and third, the winner turning up in Lord Ellesmere's Lowland Chief, who was fifth on the market list. This after all was not very bad picking.

CRICKET.—The Australians have again beaten the Yorkshire, winning the match at Middlesborough by seven wickets.—The Lancashire and Notts at Liverpool ended in a draw rather in favour of the home team, for whom Barlow made 44 (not out) and 49.—The return between Middlesex and Surrey at Lord's ended in the discomfiture of the latter by eight wickets; but the defeated must have derived considerable comfort by beating Kent at Maidstone by 54 runs.—Gloucestershire has been beaten by Notts by an innings and 26 runs, the West Country team, with both the Graces, making only 49 and 108.—Westminster School and Charterhouse have had their annual contest, which ended in the defeat of the latter by 207 on the first innings—a complete reversal of last year's match. For Winchester F. T. Higgins made a memorable score, 171 (not out).—Yet another victory for the Australians, who have beaten Northumberland by one innings and 95 runs, the Northerners only making 63 and 35.

AQUATICS.—The Metropolitan Regatta can hardly be considered a success, being mainly a duel between the Thames and the London Rowing Club, the latter winning the Eights, and the former the Fours.

BICYCLING.—The Five Miles Amateur Championship has been won by J. S. Wharton, of Cambridge University, the Hon. I. Keith-Falconer running second.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Single-handed Championship of Scotland has been gained at Edinburgh, by J. G. Horn, of Oxford; and the double match was won by C. B. Russell and M. G. Lascelles, who in the final round beat J. G. Horn and W. Horn.

SWIMMING.—The Half-mile Amateur Championship was contested last week on Saturday at Hendon by eleven starters, and won by the holder, D. Ainsworth, of the Serpentine S.C. His time was 15 min. 16¾ sec., which was not so good as that of last year.



SATURDAY sittings have become part of the regular course of Parliament. The House of Commons never sat through longer hours or did less business than it does now. It sits far into the night, and, not content on seeing the approach of daybreak on Saturday mornings, it sits again at noon, and sits till midnight. These Saturday sittings are the last device of a badgered Ministry, who have more or less important Bills in their charge, and who are confronted by the insatiable Irish members. In this way Mr. Chamberlain has placed the Electric Light Bill, which at one time seemed hopeless, in a position to become law this Session. Emulating his example, Mr. Mundella, backed by the powerful influence of Lord Rosebery, induced the Premier to consent to a Saturday sitting, in order to proceed with the Scotch Education and Scotch Entail Bills. The day being set apart for Scotch members and Scotch business was not one on which it was likely that a crowd of other members would congregate. The Scotch nation possess many high and noble qualities, but their representatives are not gifted with the art of making debate interesting.

On Saturday, however, there was an unusually large gathering of members, including several ex-Ministers. Mr. Gladstone had undertaken to state the amount of the Vote of Credit required on account of the expedition to Egypt, and much interest surrounded the announcement. It was observed with surprise, when the House had gathered, that the Premier was not in his place. Mr. Childers was the only Cabinet Minister present, and after some uneasy watching of the Treasury Bench he was reminded of the Premier's promise, and asked whether, in Mr. Gladstone's absence, he could himself gratify legitimate curiosity as to the amount of the vote. Mr. Childers for a long time declined to speak. At last, under repeated pressure, he mentioned one million three hundred pounds as the sum that would be required. The smallness of this amount was an agreeable surprise, rumour having in no case fixed the amount under two millions. Whilst the House was still wondering how the business could be done at this rate, Mr. Childers returned in hot haste, and announced that he had made a trifling mistake. When he had said 1,300,000, he had meant 2,300,000, an error which struck the House as a little odd. Mr. Gladstone, although a Scotch member, had the good sense to stop away from this Saturday sitting, which just broke into the Sabbath day. It was characterised amongst other things by the desperate attempt made by the Scotch members to imitate the tactics of Obstruction brought to perfection by

the Land Leaguers. By comparison the attempt was a very poor affair, and Mr. Biggar, watching the proceedings from his seat below the gangway, might well be forgiven the contemptuous manner in which he alluded to the essay. It should, however, be remembered in justice to Scotland that the Irish members did not suddenly acquire proficiency. They have been at it now constantly during seven years, and, though natural aptitude cannot be denied them, something is due to practice.

On Monday both Houses assembled in full force to hear the statement on moving the Vote of Credit. In the House of Lords by far the liveliest speech was that of the Marquis of Salisbury, who gave the cue to the Conservative attitude at this juncture by announcing his intention of cordially supporting the Vote whilst he sharply discussed the policy of the Government. Marked deference was paid to the superior attractiveness of the proceedings in the House of Commons by the circumstance that a considerable number of Lords—as many as could get into their gallery—went over to the Commons. They found there the Prince of Wales already in his familiar seat above the clock. H. R. H. had proposed to go down to Goodwood on Monday for the important business of the week, but this engagement he had delayed in order to be present at the debate in the Commons.

The proceedings were of a varied character, which made full amends for trouble taken by any in search of an exciting evening. Before the Vote of Credit, the Premier submitted a resolution to take for public business whatever time remained usually allotted to private members. Hereupon followed the accustomed appeals from members in charge of private subjects. Each frankly admitted the necessity for the course proposed by the Premier, but urged that in one particular case (namely, his own) exception should be made and that a day should be set apart for discussing his proposal. Mr. O'Donnell whose sympathies are not bounded by Europe, but go out to Africa, India, and wherever else there may be an opportunity of striking at the Government, introduced the question of what he called "the wrongs of the unrepresented people of India," and proposed, whilst the House was awaiting the Premier's speech on moving the Vote of Credit, to discuss these. This sort of thing done once in a generation might by its very audacity pass for a joke. But the House has had a great deal of it from Mr. O'Donnell, and now somewhat impatiently resents it. Mr. O'Donnell was, however, acting within his right, and is not inclined to deal generously with the House. When he began to trench on a motion relating to India, of which Lord Hartington had given notice, he was out of order, and the Speaker promptly checking him reminded him of this fact. Thereupon Mr. O'Donnell *more Hibernico*, proceeded to rebuke the Speaker, plainly intimating that he was going beyond the functions of his office, and was not only calling him to order for what he had said, but was predicting what he was about to say.

This was a little too much even for a supernaturally patient House, and a roar of indignation burst forth. Mr. Gladstone rose to move that the words be taken down, an action which Mr. Healy adroitly and audaciously attempted to foil. It is a rule of the House that words can be taken down only if attention be called to them immediately they have been uttered. If Mr. Healy could have interposed a single sentence it would have been impossible for Mr. Gladstone to have made his motion. Accordingly he sprang up, and for some minutes, amid a scene of great uproar, contested with the Leader of the House the right to speak first, even asserting that the Speaker had called upon him. But Mr. Gladstone would not give way, and eventually Mr. Healy subsided, and the motion that the words be taken down and Mr. O'Donnell's conduct considered on the next day were put in due form. After this the squabble went on for a good half-hour, ending by Mr. O'Donnell grudgingly declaring that when he said that the Speaker predicted what he was going to say he had not meant to impute ill-doing to the Chair.

Mr. Gladstone might have commenced his speech at five o'clock. It was seven when this lamentable and unseemly interlude came to a close. In the course of a speech not remarkable for length, Mr. Gladstone explained that the Vote was to be raised by an Income Tax of three-halfpence, to be collected by a double rate on the second half year. He defended the Egyptian policy of the Government, tracing the origin of the present events back to 1879, when the late Government undertook with France a joint Control of Egyptian affairs. With respect to the charge that the Government were culpable because they had not taken steps to have at Alexandria a sufficient force to prevent the pillage and burning of the city, he showed that nothing short of ten thousand men would have been equal to the task, and to land such an invading army whilst the Conference was sitting would have been an act of disloyalty to Europe.

On the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, progress was reported, and on Tuesday the debate was resumed, not finishing till Thursday, but, as the appearance of the House testified, there was no heart in it. The only speakers who showed real earnestness were Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Richard, and their views were listened to with not less impatience on the Conservative side than on the Liberal. If the Vote were to be challenged by the Opposition, the aspect of the House would have been different. But after the declaration of Lord Salisbury, and the known views of the Opposition, it was practically a sham fight, and with August near at hand, the House of Commons is not inclined to assist in large numbers as spectators at that description of entertainment.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A MOST pleasant volume is "Lays of a Londoner," by Clement Scott (David Bogue). Some of its contents, such as "The Cry of the Clerk," will be familiar to readers of *Punch* and other journals. Few living writers of this kind of verse have more power of combining humour and pathos, or a greater faculty of rhyming than Mr. Scott, and we are very glad that he has seen fit to collect his fugitive pieces in this more permanent form. As examples of his peculiar talent we may point to the pathetic ballad "The Midshipmite," to the still more touching "Story of a Stowaway," and to "Bohemia's Land," which last reminds us somewhat of the lamented Prowse. It is a worthy representative volume.

In their "Parchment Library Series" Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. are issuing a sumptuous little edition of Shakespeare's works, of which the first volume has just appeared containing *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*. The text is good, and of the general appearance of the work it is unnecessary to speak.

It is simply inconceivable how anything so feeble and vulgar as "The Freshman's Progress," by a "D.D." (Kerby and Endean), can have found a sufficient number of patrons to reach a second edition. The writer did wisely to conceal his identity, as, were he known, his next visit to Cambridge might have been attended with unpleasant consequences. To give our readers some idea of his notions of wit, we may mention that he thinks it clever to name a college "St. Beelzebub."

Lovers of true poetry as well as bibliophiles will be delighted with a *fac simile* reprint of the 1633 edition of George Herbert's "The Temple," just published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The reproduction is perfect both as to paper, type, and binding, and the book has the advantage of an introductory essay by Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse, author of that popular novel "John Inglesant." It is well written, but one cannot agree with all the statements, as when Mr. Shorthouse in one page disclaims any High Church tendencies

on the poet's part, and immediately afterwards records his advocacy of the use of incense in Divine worship.

"Five Minutes' Daily Readings of Poetry," selected by H. E. Sidney Lear (Livingtons) is a capital anthology of extracts from some of the best poets, ancient and modern, giving a portion for every day in the year. But we fail to see why Graham of Gartmore's well-known song, "If doughty deeds," should have been inserted as an anonymous ballad.

"The Children of the Throne" (Ridgway) is a big and heavy book, containing a long and rather dull Ethiopian poem, partly told in dramatic form, with elaborate stage directions, partly in tolerable blank verse, and to a great extent in unmusical lyrics. The story is not a pleasant one, and the chief impression left on our mind is of the discovery of a new adjective "snarlic," invented seemingly to afford a rhyme to "garlic."



DESERTING IN WAR TIME.—The question whether we are really at war or only taking "military measures" against "a rebellious faction" in Egypt, will be one of immense importance to George Addis, who on Saturday gave himself up to the Woolwich police as a deserter from the second battalion of the Royal Munster Fusiliers, which had that day sailed for Egypt in the *Euphrates*, and who now lies in the House of Detention awaiting trial by the military authorities; they having powers, under the Articles of War, to sentence him to be shot for deserting from his regiment in time of war.

THE DUNECHT MYSTERY has not yet been cleared up. Soutar, the man whose statement led to the discovery of the body, has been committed for trial on a charge of abstracting it from the tomb, but has been liberated on bail; whilst a man named Collier, who was arrested at Glasgow on Saturday on suspicion of being an accomplice, has been set at liberty. The remains have been privately removed from Dunecht to Haigh Hall, Lancashire, for re-interment.

THE NEXT-OF-KIN FRAUDS.—At the Manchester Assizes last week three of the five men charged with complicity in the "next-of-kin" frauds were convicted. Rogers, the chief organiser of the nefarious plot, was sentenced to two years' hard labour; Shakespeare (the solicitor) and Mackenzie to twenty-one months' hard labour. The charge against Evans was withdrawn, and Beeton was acquitted; but the latter will probably have to answer to a new prosecution in Birmingham. Mr. Justice Day, in passing sentence, said that in the interests of public justice, he regretted that the other charges (of obtaining money by false pretences) had not been pressed against the prisoners, because he found himself unable to inflict a sentence in any degree approaching to one which would meet the character of this offence.

MR. BRADLAUGH and his friends, Messrs. Ramsay and Foote, have now been committed for trial for publishing alleged blasphemous libels in the *Freethinker*, the charge against Mr. Whittle, the printer, being withdrawn. Mr. Bradlaugh reserved his defence, but read a statement protesting against the prosecution as an attempt to misuse the penal laws for the purpose of disabling him in his political struggle. The *Law Journal* says that the penalties attaching to conviction for blasphemy, though severe and sweeping, do not extend to Parliamentary disqualification, because a seat in Parliament is not an "office," nor even a "place," within the meaning of the statute.

SUPPOSED FENIANISM IN CLERKENWELL.—The man Walsh, who has been committed for trial for treason-felony, is now in the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, and last week the gaol officials found concealed amongst his linen an india-rubber ball similar to the one which was thrown over as a signal just before the walls of that prison were blown down in 1867. The guard outside the prison has been doubled.

THE RAMSGATE MYSTERY.—James Walter, the journeyman butcher, who was accused of the murder of his master's son by pushing him off a cliff at Ramsgate in April last, has been "given the benefit of the doubt," and acquitted of the capital charge. He is, however, still in custody, being now charged with robbing his employer of the 150*l.* which so mysteriously disappeared about the time that the youth met his death.

THE RECENT RIOTS AT TREDEGAR.—Thirteen of the alleged ringleaders in the late riots at Tredegar have been committed for trial; and, at Stockton-on-Tees, a fourteenth man (Irish) has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the affray.

SHAM FIRE BRIGADES.—At Greenwich a young man has been committed for trial on six charges of fraudulently obtaining money contributions on the false pretence that they were for the "Deptford Volunteer Fire Brigade." It was stated in evidence that he was one of four "collectors" for the South London Volunteer Fire Brigade, two of whom were paid salaries, whilst the other two had 25 per cent. on the money they collected; and Mr. Wontner, who prosecuted on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, said that "this sort of thing was going on all over the metropolis."

"ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING."—Although the coroner's jury have found that Mrs. Nicholls of Pentonville Road met her death by misadventure, Mr. Barstow, the magistrate, has declined to discharge the young man Seamer who shot her "in fun," remarking that several instances of the kind had come before him, and he was determined to send all such cases for trial.

A FURNITURE EXHIBITION.—Various causes have lately combined to rouse in the public mind a keen interest in house decoration and furniture. Although the present age may claim credit for some progress in the first of these important arts, it must, we fear, confess to poverty in relation to the second, where it has to depend on a revival of the designs of the latter part of the past century to satisfy the public desire for an advance in this direction. Cabinet-making has not yet, and perhaps never will, rank as one of the fine arts; yet it is eminently capable of both beautiful and useful adaptation. Special reasons caused mankind to neglect the former quality; so that, in effect, the art, as an art, is very young in comparison to painting and sculpture, and may practically be assigned to the last century, and has never awakened any real enthusiasm. In addition to this, while the painter and sculptor have Nature to draw on, the furniture designer, apart from the decorator, must depend alone on himself for his lines of beauty, and thus the purely creative effort demanded, coupled with the uncertain condition of society—witness the destruction of the *Garde Meuble* of France—have never roused experts to any great efforts in this direction. The furniture in the Exhibition in question, held at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, will be found on inspection to bear out the foregoing observations. There are excellent specimens of revival, many, it may fairly be said, improvements, for special reasons, such as the progress made in manufactures, on the old designs, which latter represent examples from different periods and various designers whose names have become familiar in the present day.

